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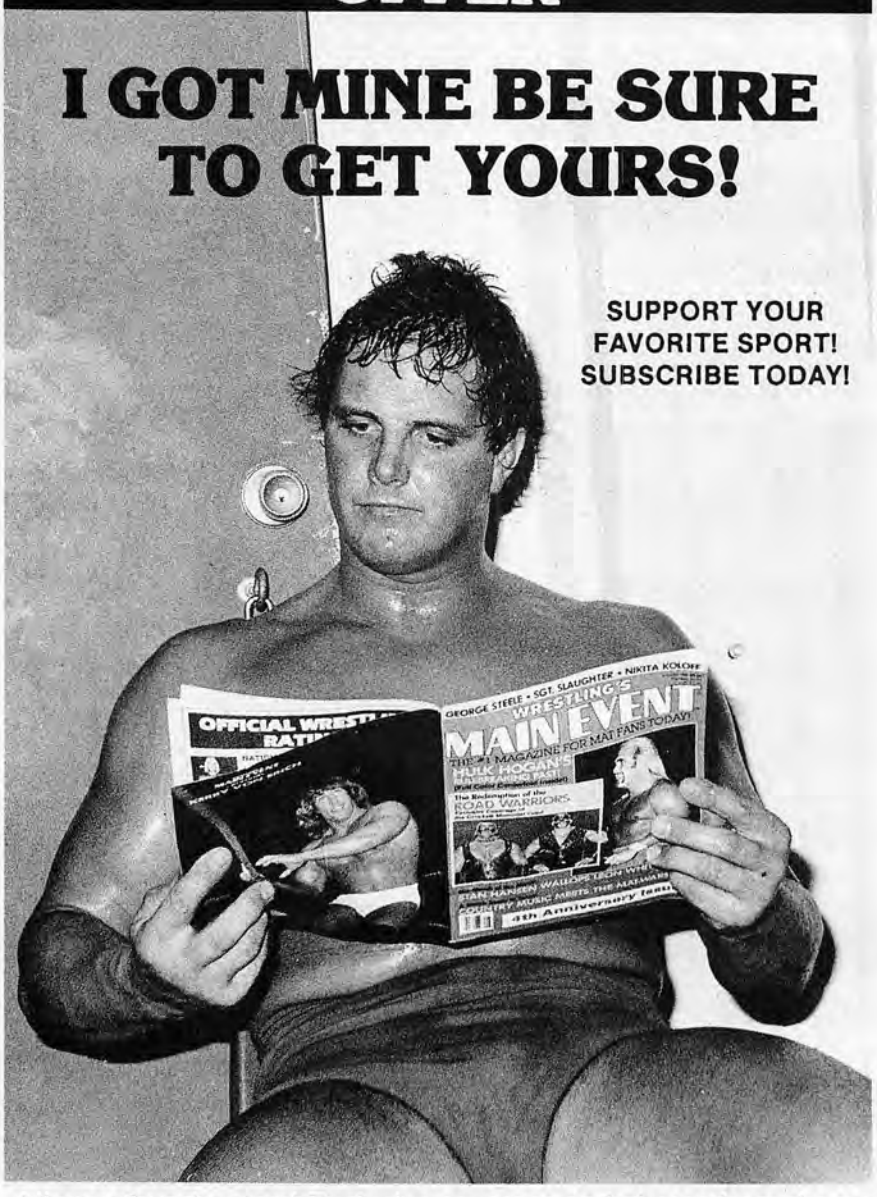

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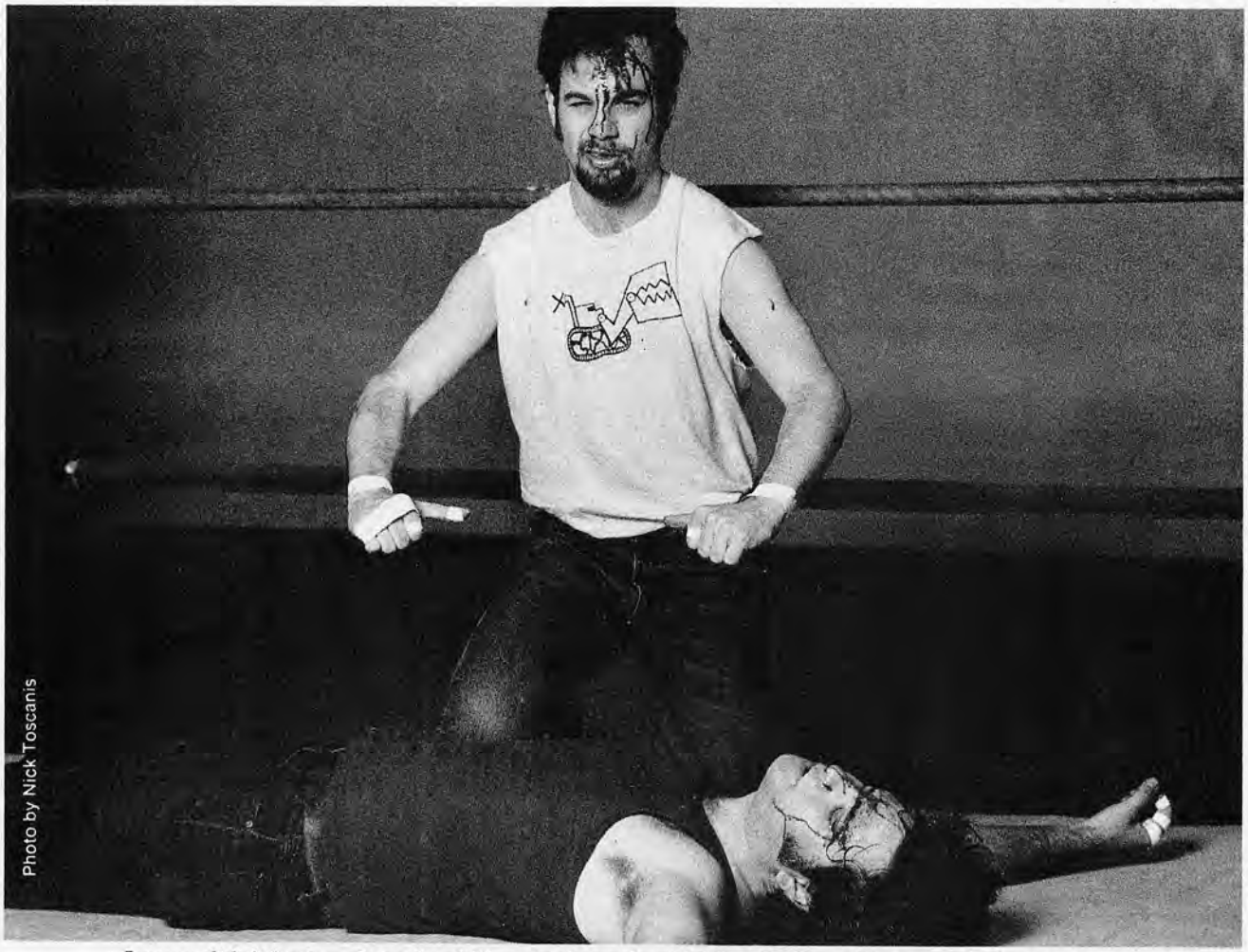

Jeremy didn't look so hot after Mike got through with him. He'll get his rematch in sixty days.

This is the hardest column I've ever had to write. It's not easy to admit that you're a loser.

But that was the last word after the dust had settled and the bad blood had dried between me and my former associate Mike Edison. I got more than I bargained for by battling the little weasel, and though I tried to uphold WME's honor in our Winner-takes-all Loser Leaves Town Match, Edison's insufferable blood lust was more than my poor heart could stand.

I still believe that I'm the better man. I am superior to Edison in height, weight, strength, and editorial experience, but it was his unyielding ambition which cost me the match, and my title. It must have been the time he's spent with Kevin Sullivan, because I underestimated the darkness in his soul and now I must pay the price.

This is not only a great personal loss to me, but a blow to the body of the wrestling world at large. I had hoped that by accepting Edison's assinine challenge I could finally clear the air, do a bit of house-cleaning, so-to-speak. Instead, I have been vanquished from my own office, forced to travel aimlessly to parts unknown while you, the reader, is left at the mercy of a misguided egomaniac. Only my devotion to the original principles I set forth in this journal encourages you to read on in my absence, because I WILL BE AVENGED! You can't keep a good man down.

From now on there'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy. While Mike Edison turns what I made "The #1 Magazine for Mat Fans Today!" into an eclectic outlet for his twisted intellect, I'll be undergoing intensive athletic training. During my travels I intend to cross the four corners of the world in search of new wrestling strategy and technique. I will push myself to the absolute physical limit if necessary to assure that this magazine will restored to its original untarnished virtue upon my return.

As I encounter unusual and exotic wrestling experiences along the way I promise to update you and serve as an "unofficial" foreign correspondent for WME until the day I can triumphantly return to the Empire State Building and reclaim my undisputed editorship. Mark my words, if you think that you're a real man and a *real* Editor, Edison—I'LL BE BACK, and *you'll be sorry!!* ■ **JEREMY TEPPER**

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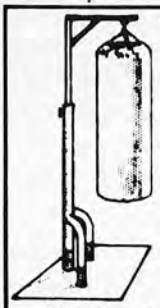

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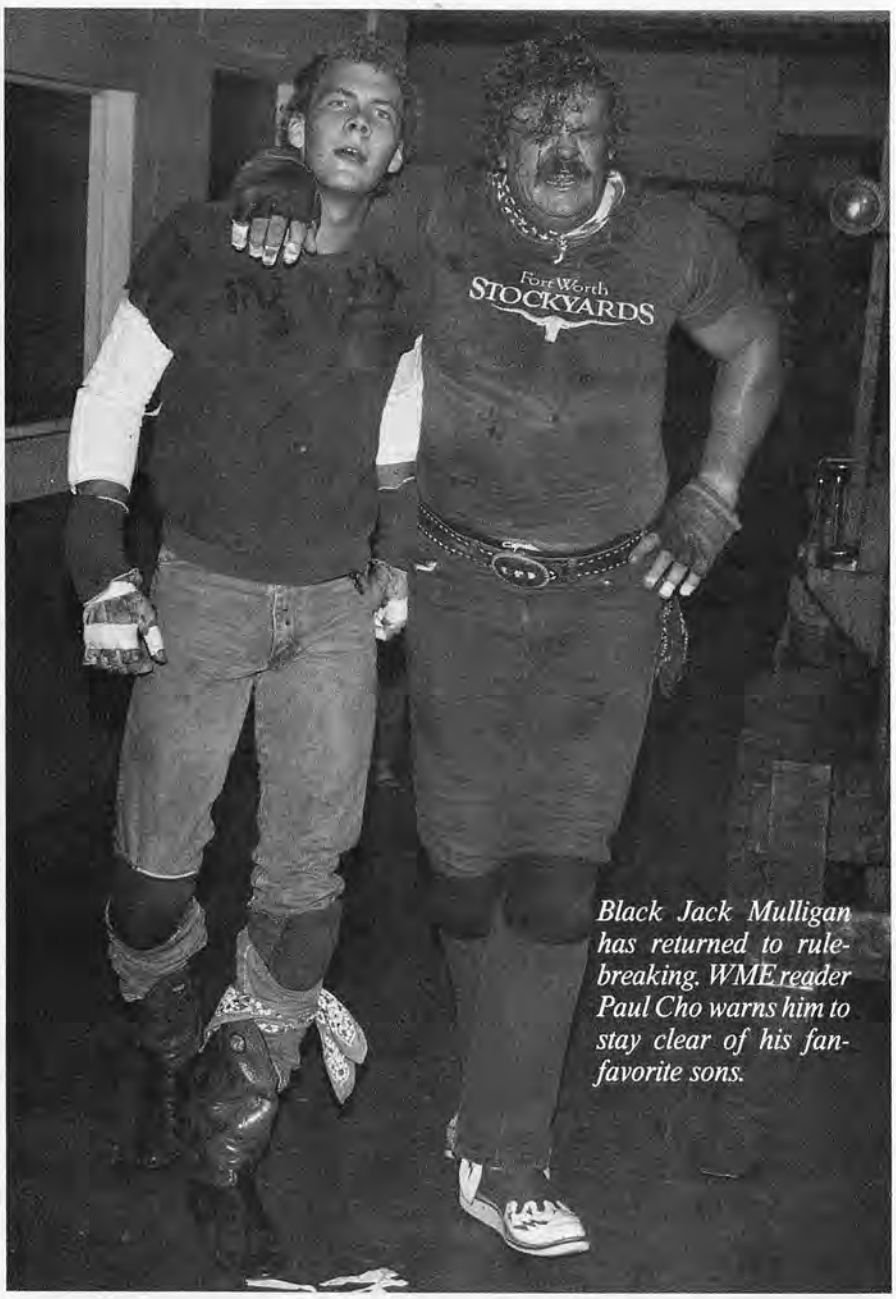

Black Jack Mulligan has returned to rule-breaking. WME reader Paul Cho warns him to stay clear of his fan-favorite sons.

Damn You, Mulligan!!!

I couldn't believe my eyes! Black Jack Mulligan has become a rule breaker again! Black Jack, you helped Percy Pringle and Rick Rude double team the almighty Bruiser Brody. Damn you, Mulligan. I used to think highly of you. Now, Kevin Sullivan has a higher place in my heart than you! Damn you, Mulligan! Stay away from your sons Barry and Kendall before you brainwash them, too. You went as far as to put the Claw Hold on Lance Von Erich and fired up Mike, Kevin and Kerry. I thought you gave all that up but I guess you didn't. Damn you, Black Jack Mulligan, damn you.

Paul Cho
San Francisco, CA

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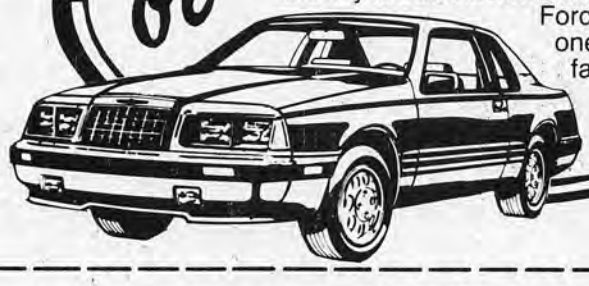

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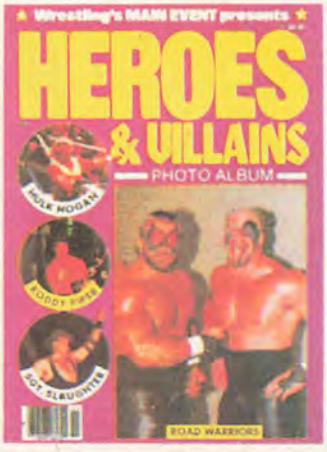

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I'm sick and tired of the lack of media attention towards the one man in wrestling who won't take any crap from anybody: *Abdullah the Butcher.*

It's common knowledge that Abdullah as been blacklisted by all the major wrestling federations from receiving title shots. That goes for the NWA and the AWA, and now the World Class geeks, who can't stand the idea of pretty boys like Rude and the Von Embarassments being carved up like sacrificial boars. The WWF won't even let him wrestle there—but that's not surprise, because they've always had less blood than any outfit.

Illustration by Seth Kushner

I'm a girl, but I love violence no matter what my mom and weak-hearted friends have to say about it. Abdullah rules, and he deserves to be champion.

Also, why doesn't The Sheik make a comeback? Jabbing pencils into people's eyes is really neat.

Sandy O'Connor
Nogales, AR

Larry Zybyszko has been far too reliant on cheating, writes Michael Schindler.

Respect for Zybyzsko?

If Larry Zybyszko wants to be taken seriously as not only a credible wrestler but as a true contender for Hansen's AWA title he must clean up his act. By this I mean he must ditch the nunchuks and the cheap dirty tactics inside the ring. He doesn't need them—he already has the pure wrestling moves, the savvy, the ability, stamina and

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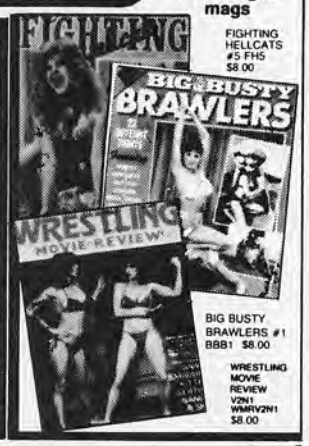

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power to be the AWA Champion. I've seen him wrestle the old man Bockwinkel and win easily. His only problem is he relies on the nun-chuks to win while disregarding the wrestling talent he possesses.

Larry, if you really want Hansen's AWA Title and the respect that you deserve, ditch that sad excuse for unearned victories and get back to the prue wrestling ability I've seen you exhibit in the past.

Michael Schindler
Chicago, ILL

Of Mice and Men

We'd like to address a few comments to Mike Edison concerning his article on Ric Flair in the June '86 issue of WME. Flair is not a model champion. We wouldn't want our children to look up to him. If scarring Ricky Morton's face, crushing Morton's nose, injuring Robert Gibson's leg, breaking Dusty Rhodes' ankle and trying to injure Baby Doll are the acts of a good champion, the Flair fits the bill. However, those are the acts of a weasel.

"Ric Flair is not a weasel," notes WME Editor Mike Edison. "Wrestling is a brutal business and he's just making sure."

If everyone looked up to Ric Flair we'd have a world of mice, not men. Your article on Ric Flair is a disgrace, Mike Edison. We can think of many wrestlers who are better examples of World Champions.

Belinda Lindsay
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BEWARE OF CHEAP IMITATIONS

American Dreamer

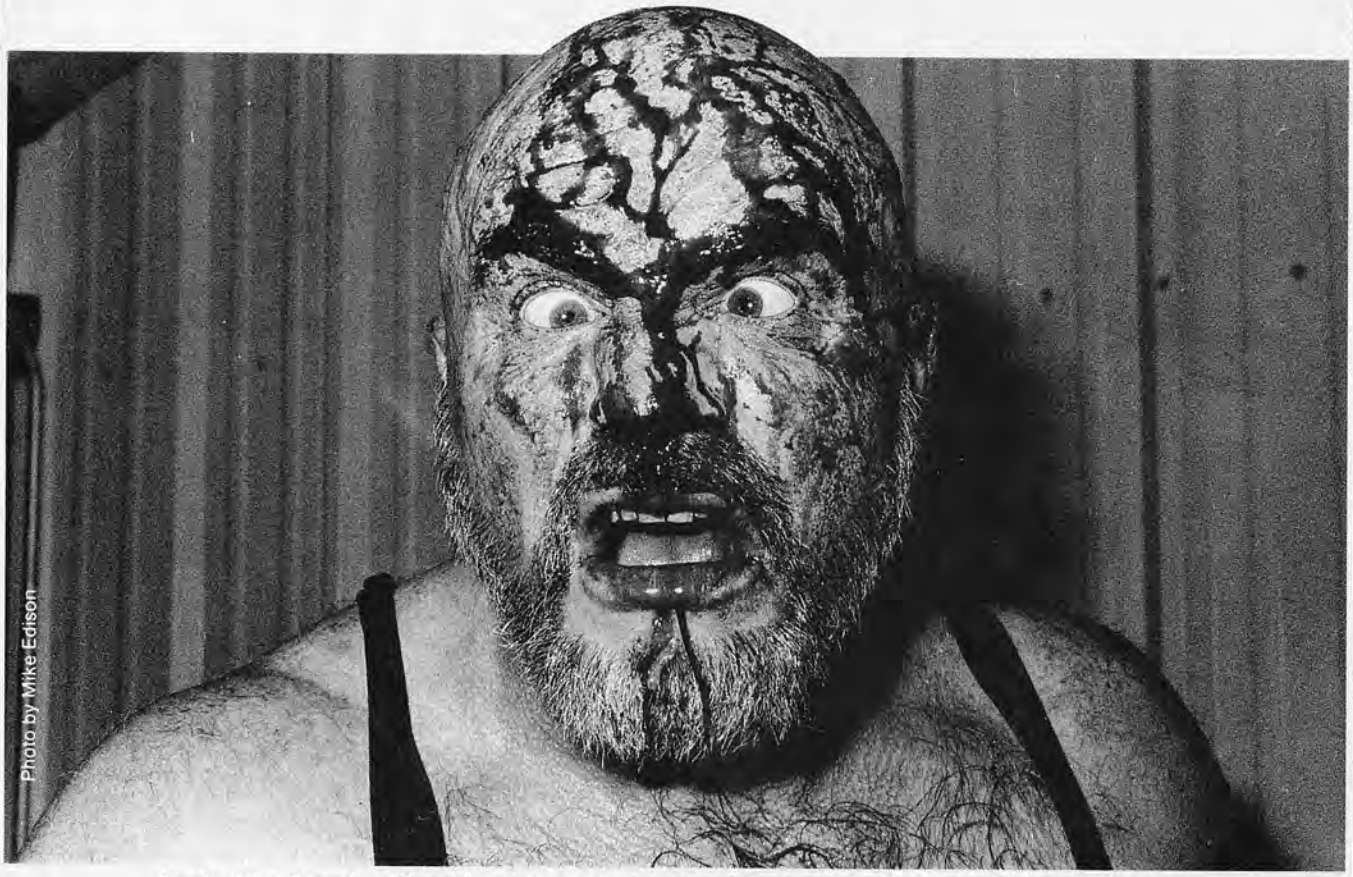
I am writing to say that I want Dusty Rhodes to retire, but my reasons are not the same as the Horsemen. I want The Dream to turn in his trunks because he is just not as young as he used to be. He is still great, but in his prime some of the bozos he is now wrestling would have been no problem for him. You can see that his body is a mass of scar tissue. No matter what the Horsemen think, I like the American Dream and whether or not he retires, I wish him the best.

Dusty Rhodes just ain't as fit as he used to be.

Seth Kushner
Brooklyn, NY

THE HEART PUNCH

A no holds barred look at Professional Wrestling, straight from the heart!



Looks like Jonathon Boyd has lost more than just blood after a Barbed Wire Fence Match.

By MIKE EDISON

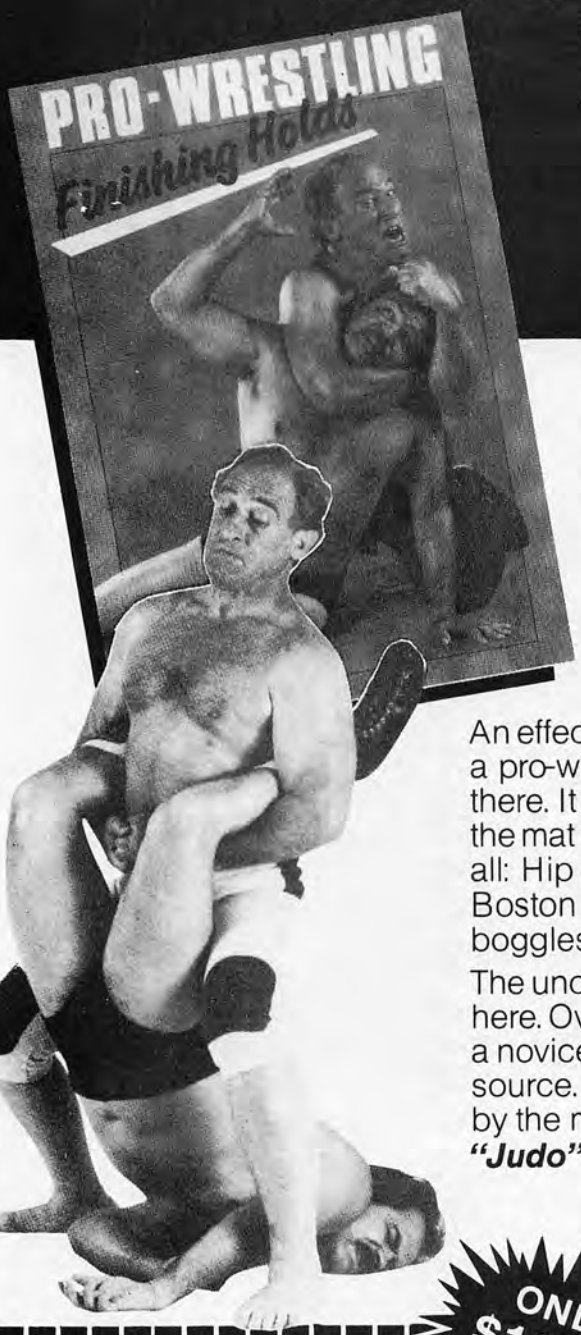
Texas wrestling fans wouldn't trade a hangover on a muggy day for some good, clean, scientific wrestling and I'm not talking about the Von Erichs, either. They may be more scientific than, say, Andre the Giant, but they couldn't thumb wrestle in the shadow of Bob Backlund, or The Iron Sheik for that matter.

So what. If there's one thing better than scientific wrestling it's brutality and bloodshed and War Lord Jonathon Boyd and his Commonwealth Army are providing plenty of it and not so quietly making USA All Star Wrestling (formerly Texas All Star) the most violent, blood-drenched promotion in the known world.

Jonathon Boyd likes to beat up cowboys. If there's one thing the War Lord lives for, it's to make Scott Casey drown in a puddle of his own blood. And the scary part of it is, the Commonwealth Army extends far beyond the borders of Texas. They're bad *and* they're nationwide. He's got Sheepherders and some up-and-coming vampire sheep. He's got the Exotic Adrian Street chasing Rick Casey all over the South East and he's spilled enough cowboy blood to fill a dozen ten gallon sombreros. He's quickly becoming the most hated man in Texas and Texas is a mighty big place, bigger than Madison Square Garden and the Omni put together. And let me tell you something else: Jonathon and his cowboy stomping comrades are good for wrestling. In a world where most promotions think they're delivering the Second Coming every time they put up the Steel Cage, The Commonwealth Army demands Barbed-Wire Fence Matches. Brass Knuckle Brawls and Cage Matches are the rule, not the exception. That's the way things should be. Wrestling is not a support for pansies who wince at the sight of a shaving cut, let alone cowboy flesh being ripped across a length of barbed wire.

Until next month . . . WHAMMMMMM!!! *Can yer heart stand it?!!!!* ■

LeBell Breaks the Sports Barrier!



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DIGGER'S DIARY

The modern mat-world as seen through the eyes of an outlaw ex-champion!

It's always tough to objectively measure the capabilities of wrestling managers. How many brownie points do you give for strategy, and how many for training methods? Where do their charges' won-loss percentages fit in? Is interference necessarily a black eye in the record books, or should a manager be credited for success?

Among today's managers, I think Jim Cornette covers as many bases as any of 'em. His stable is composed of two underweight, overskilled tag team champs, and a bulbous bodyguard who has sidelined his wrestling career in favor of a slice of Mrs. Cornette's Swiss bank account (to protect her baby from nasty fan favorites). That ain't much of a stable, but that's not why I admire Jim Cornette above all other managers.

You may not know that Cornette was a gifted and accomplished freelance wrestling photojournalist before he entered the managerial ranks. For quite a few years, the precocious Mr. Cornette was the Fourth Estate's tower of info in the Mid-Southern region, both at the memo pad and behind the lens. He worked for virtually every major wrestling periodical, and freebie-lanced (sans pay, that is) for a number of fanzines to boot. He established a reputation as the Mid-Southern area's resident ringside genius scribe. And in all fairness—hell, if *WME* wouldn't allow me to do stuff like this, I'd go back to my skiff and sail foreign reefs the rest of my days.

I'd like to mention two amazing pieces Jimmer wrote for *rival publications.* He scribbled the definitive work on the Iron Sheik for *Wrestling Revue* in 1982, and a fascinating dissection of—who'da thunk it?—Beautiful Bobby Eaton for *Ring Wrestling.* (In fact, it was in Lawlerville that Cornette first me both Eaton and Dennis Condrey and proposed to manage them in the near future. Of course, they initially laughed off such folly from a working joe of the press—before they realized the extent of Cornette's capital at hand.)

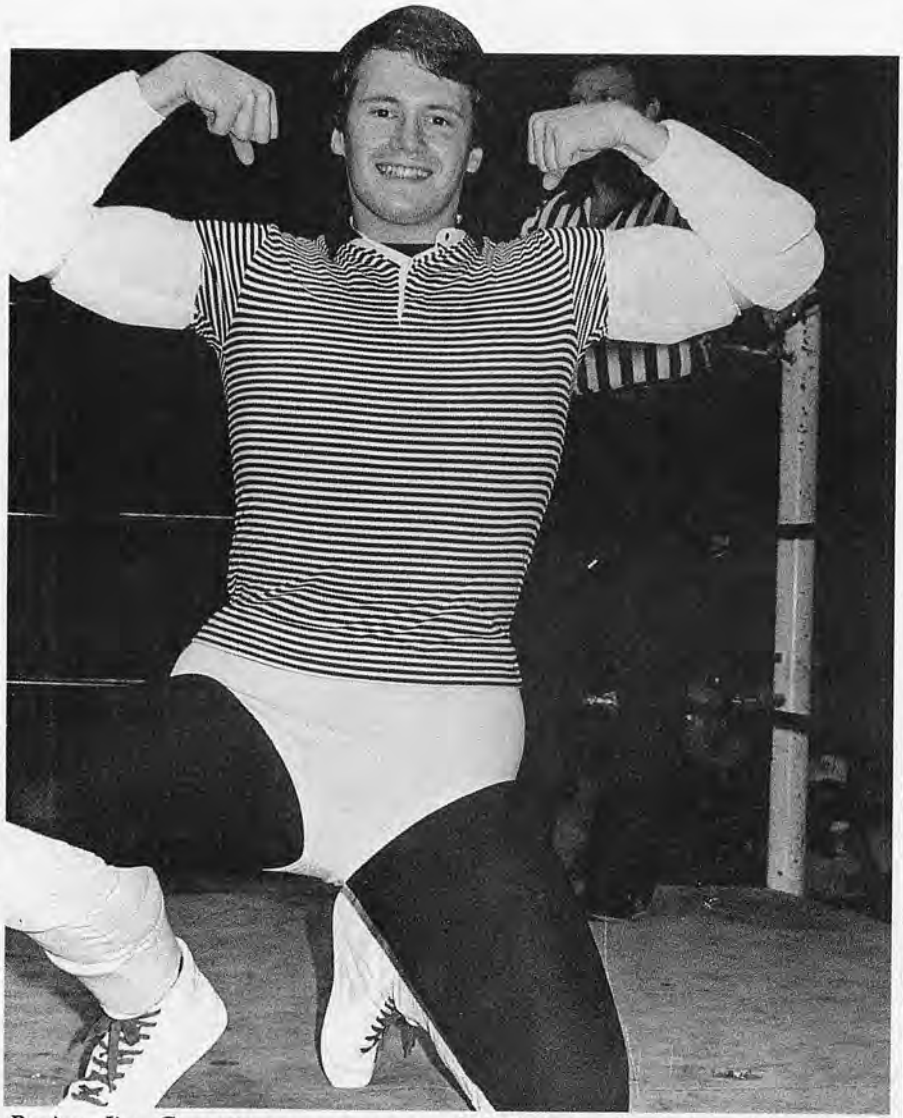


Photo by Cathy Dixson

Brainy Jim Cornette was an accomplished journalist before becoming a manager.

I think Jim Cornette is heralding a new era of wrestling managers, along with Jimmy Hart in the WWF (although Hart is more of an opportunist, cashing in on established veterans, and can't hope to approximate Cornette's intellect.) The old saw that only an ex-wrestler can successfully manager has shattered its teeth on the reality of the Midnight Express' as team supremacy Cornette's vision is as revolutionary as if, say, a sportswriter like Roger Angell or Bill James was managing the Yankees. But why shouldn't they? Cornette's howling success speaks for itself.

■ **DIGGER MOLLOY**

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

WWF IN UPROAR OVER ANDRE-GATE

As *WME* goes to press, unimpeachable sources have informed us that both Andre the Giant and Paul Orndorff have rejected their fans' support and will become rulebreakers.

Although details of the mercurial Orndroff's change in sentiment are sketchy, Andre's change of heart is all too clear. Our sources report that he will wrestle as "Andre the Giant Machine", most likely wearing a mask, although final decisions concerning facial gear have not been made. Andre has been secretly training with the notorious manager and former WWF tag team champion Mr. Fuji, who will manage Andre in his new incarnation as a rulebreaker.

Mr. Orndorff is a shadowy figure in the proceedings. He has recently been involved in a "feud" with Fuji and the only current member of Fuji's stable, the Magnificent Muraco, but sources claim that this feud is merely a smokescreen for "plans of a conspiracy" involving a number of WWF rulebreakers on both sides of the ring apron. Some sources have implicated manager Bobby Heenan, while others insist Heenan is totally ignorant.

It must be noted that Andre the Giant wrestled in Japan last year as a hated, rulebreaking "Giant Machine", who terrorized Nipponese fan favorites while wearing an eyeless, translucent mask. He was managed there by Wakamatus, Japan's premier manager, who is reportedly a close friend of Mr. Fuji's. (Wakamatsu also conferred with WWF manager Jimmy Hart last year, advising him to use a megaphone as he did to distract opponents.) Although the WWF's suspension of Andre for missing a scheduled match in Poughkeepsie, New York will be widely blamed for Andre's rulebreaking, Andre is in fact no stranger to the dark side of the ring.

Nonetheless, this could develop into the biggest wrestling story of the decade, and *WME* investigators are relentlessly pursuing what future historians may refer to as *Andregate.* ■

Andre a rule-breaker? Looks like the "Giant Machine" is going to take over . . . it could be the end of Hulk Hogan's championship reign.

Photos by Al Rivera, Bill Otten and Tatasmi Fujinami

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

ANDERSONS JOIN FLAIR, BLANCHARD

The World Championship region has specialized in gang warfare over the past few years. It seems as though one-on-one feuds are obsolete there; the common tactic is three-against-three, four on four, and combinations of large gatherings attacking each other. Now WCW is host to what could turn out to be one of the bloodiest feuds in history; it currently involves a mere eight men, but the number will surely grow as time passes.

The Legion of Doom vs. the **Four Horsemen**.

Simmering hostilities between the Road Warriors and the cronies who comprise **Tully Blanchard Enterprises** escalated during a recent telecast. NWA World champion **Ric Flair** was preparing to wrestle a prelim bum. Suddenly, the menacing intro chords of "Iron Man" reverberated through the studio, and Hawk stalked out to challenge Flair.

It turned out to be a mistake. After Hawk invited himself through the ropes, he was Pearl Harbored by the other three members of the Four Horsemen: **Tully Blanchard** and **Ole and Arn Anderson**. The trio lifted Hawk in the air to position him for Flair's Back Suplex, Flair helped out to position the Doomer for one of Arn's patented Gourd-Busters (his face-first Vertical Suplex). Adding the proverbial insult to injury, Tully and the Andersons then held the semi-conscious Hawk as Flair slapped Hawk silly with his open palm.

Ole's back. Watch out.

Road Warrior **Animal** and manager **Paul Ellering** rushed from the dressing room area in aid, but they were hopelessly outnumbered. Blanchard rewarded Animal's efforts with a Piledriver on the concrete floor, aided by Flair and Arn, who held each of Animal's feet. Meanwhile, **Ole Anderson** pummeled Ellering into submission, undoubtedly working out frustrations stemming from their 1983-4 Georgia feud (when Ole was fan favorite and Ellering the hated villain).

The Four Horsemen have more than the Legion of Doom to worry about in the aftermath of this incident, tho' that's plenty; **Dusty Rhodes, Magnum TA, Baby Doll** and others have their own scores to settle with the Horsemen. And just as assuredly, they should be able to lure other WCW rulebreakers, like **Paul Jones'** Army and **Jim Garvin**, to their cause. Civil war looms in the World Championship region. ■

BILLY JACK BACK IN WWF

Cynics have declared Billy Jack Haynes "The Great Lost Hope" of Eighties wrestling; the rap on him is that he never sticks around in one promotional region long enough to win titles and establish a deadly reputation. The ultimate in Haynes' career was when he won *one* match in the WWF, and then mysteriously left the promotion in the middle of a powerhouse hype campaign. Haynes even appeared on the cover of their house magazine, but abandoned the wrestling promotion trailing a number of contradictory explanations in his wake.

Will Billy finally settle down?

Now he's back in the WWF, and he's looking good. In fact, he's looking like a champion, of the sort which almost defeated Ric Flair for the NWA World title in Florida in 1984.

We asked Haynes whether he was still concerned about the impossibility of grappling for Hulk Hogan's WWF World title (for as even the casual fan realizes, no fan favorite can wrestle Hogan). He responded, "Randy Savage. That's who I'm after. The guy's an overrated bum who cheats his way to crucial victories. I can outmuscle him and outwrestle him—I know that from the videotapes I've seen of him in action. He's not as big a deal as people think he is."

Billy Jack Haynes is in the WWF for good. Don't be surprised if it proves to be one of the year's biggest stories. ■

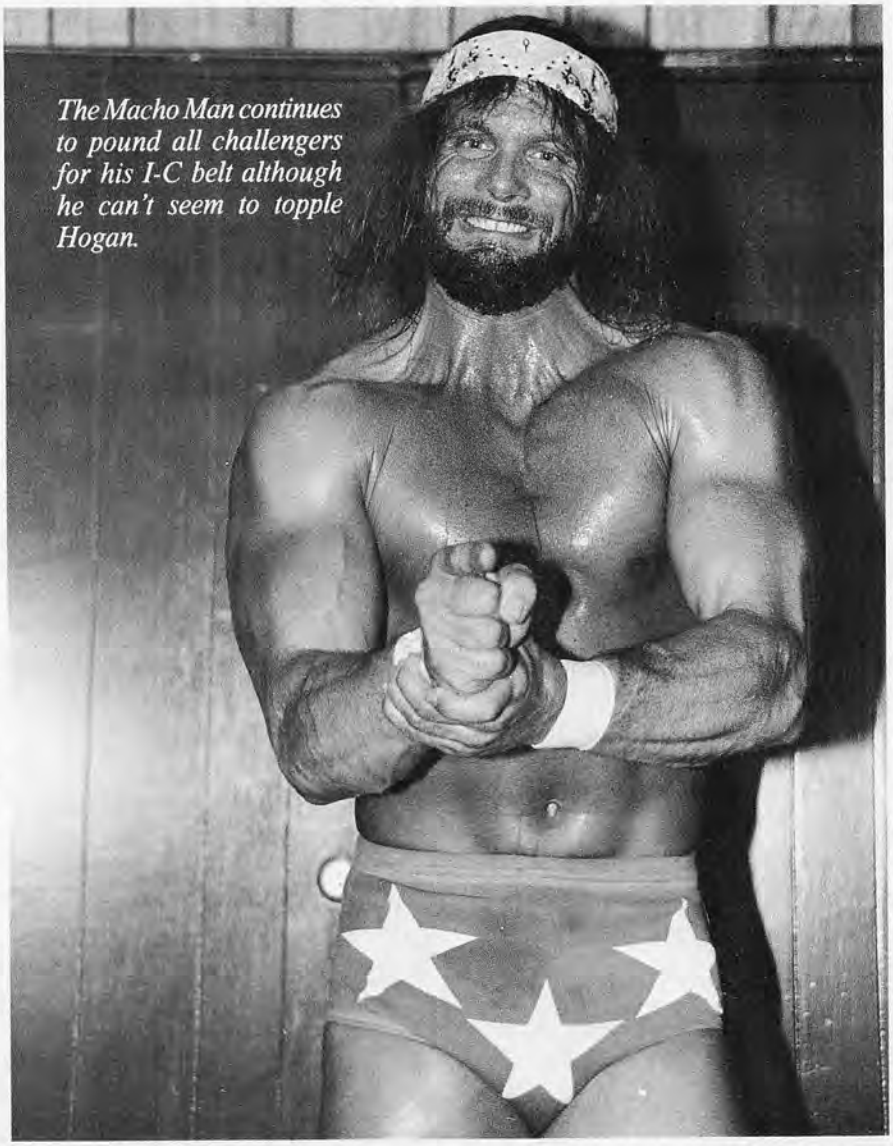
WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

In other wrestling news, as we go to press, the **Great American Bash** is wrapping up and once again, **Jim Crockett Promotions** has been successful in presenting the top wrestling attractions of the summer. This year, NWA World Champ **Ric Flair** defended his title against an unprecedented fourteen challengers on fourteen cards and everyone had a rocking good time, helped along by the music of **Joe Ely, Delbert McClinton** and **Waylon Jennings, David Allen Coe** and the legendary **George Jones** on at some dates. Looks like country music and wrestling are a going to be a lasting combination . . . Down in Texas, the **USA All Star** group has been putting one events at **Gilley's Club** and the response has been awesome. . . .

Inter-Continental Champion **Randy Savage** continues to turn back challenges from **Tito Santana** and has recently been working as a tag team with the **Adorable Adrian Adonis.**

Can anyone pin Ric Flair?



The Macho Man continues to pound all challengers for his I-C belt although he can't seem to topple Hogan.

The two have faced **Bruno Sanmartino** and **Santana,** the former IC Champ in a steel cage at **Madison Square Garden,** and after a recent match that pitted the WWF Heavyweight Champ Hulk Hogan against Savage, Adonis appeared in drag to help Randy beat up the tan champ. . . .

WWF Tag Team Champs The British Bulldogs have continued to wow the masses with their high-flying techniqe while defending against the much despised America-haters **Nicolai Volkoff** and his partner, the irrespressible **Iron Sheik.** It looks like this feud could set the state of the art in Tag Team Wrestling. . . .

Jim Cornette has hired a mammoth body guard aptly named **Big Bubba**. . . . Jim's mother, the publishing magnate and keeper of his massive trust fund, shelled out mounds of moolah to retain the services of the promising dreadnaught, and our ace scoopstress was able to obtain a rare quote from the elusive lady: "Any price is worth saving my beloved Jimbo from attacks by shameless hussies with

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

unshaven legs and halitosis!" Mrs. Cornette was presumably referring to **Baby Doll,** who has challenged the skinny strategist to a series of mixed matches. . . . by the bye, Baby Doll has been working hard on her wrestling technique; **Magnum TA** has been teaching her the Belly-to-Belly Suplex, for example. We've seen it, and we're afraid Nickla Roberts won't be the answer to the dilemma of women's wrestling in the NWA. . . . whatever her grappling skills may be, Baby Doll as been getting as many cheers in the World Championship area as her old nemesis **Sunshine** does in World Class. . . .

UWF Heavyweight champeen **Terry Gordy** has been successful in defending his title against the likes of **Steve Williams, Ted DiBiase,** and **Hacksaw Duggan**. . . . Gordy is clearly the most skilled member of the **Fabulous Freebirds,** and the crafty Confederates' spiritual leader **Michael Hayes** has focused his attention on ganging up on promoter **Bill Watts** with the help of fellow Bird **Buddy Roberts**. . . .

Rick Rude is another gifted mat star with a "World Title" around his waist and despite the World Class rules which allow the belt to change hands on disqualifications and countouts, he's kept a firm grip on that coveted strap with the help of manager **Percy Pringle**. . . .

In other World Class news, **Abdullah the Butcher** has been banned after a bloody incident that sent a referee to the hospital soaked in crimson. . . . World Class officials reluctantly consented to allow the Sudanese butcher back in the ring after manager **Gary Hart** posted a fifteen thousand dollar bond insuring the safety of the officials. . . .

It looks as though **Kerry von Erich** will return to the ring after a treacherous motorcycle accident that nearly ended his career. . . . WME joins fans all over the globe in wishing the Modern-Day Warrior a speedy recovery. . . .

Jake Roberts' good friend **Damien** the boa constrictor may have met his match in **Rick Steamboat's** new reptilian pal. . . . Jake the Snake was stunned when Steamboat brought his own leather bag into the ring and unleashed a beautiful kimodo dragon lizard (which broadcaster/promoter Vince McMahon Jr. amusingly termed "some sort of prehistoric monster"). Animal crackers aside, the question remains: will the Hawaiian Lizard King be any match for the DDT?. . . .

Speaking of the DDT, when asked what the initials meant, Roberts simply said, "The End."

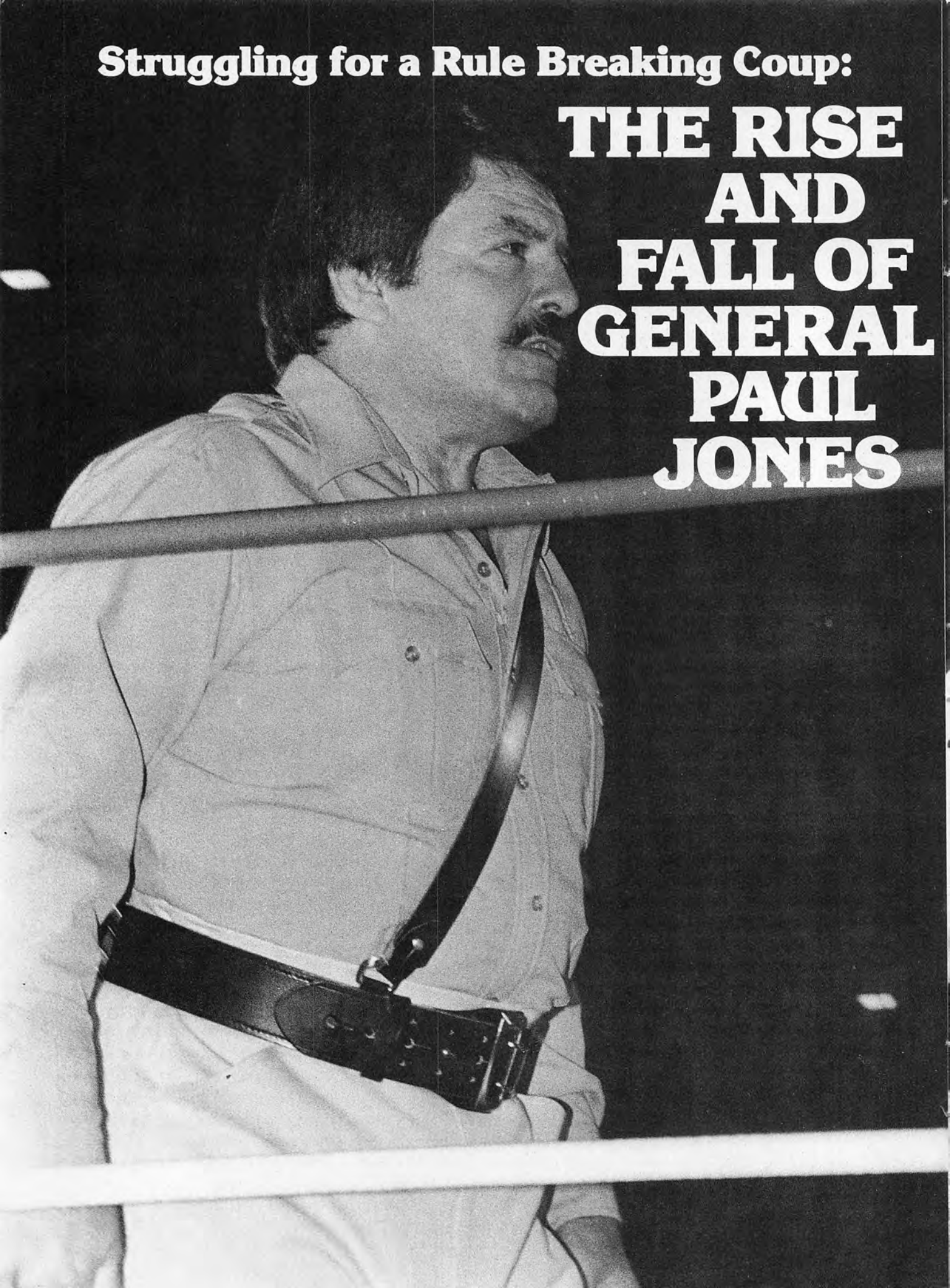
Speaking of the **DDT,** when asked what the initials meant, Roberts smiled and simply said, "The End". . . .

UWF Tag Team champs **the Fantastics** are still battling the **Crazy Kiwi Sheepherders** and so far have hung onto the belts. . . . Meanwhile, Sheepherder cousin **Jonathon Boyd** is waging a bloody war of his own against popular cowboy **Scott Casey** in the USA All star area. . . . Also appearing on USA All Star cards are USA champ **Al Madril** and his tag team partner **Mike Golden** along with their manager **Fantasy, Dick Murdoch, Exotic Adrian Street, the Masked Grappler,** and **the Sheep, Tanui** and **Tapu** (Tapu recently suffered three broken back vertebrae in a match against Southeastern champion Rick Casey). . . . The USA All Star tag team champions, **Iceman Parsons** and **Tiger Conway Jr.,** are the first all-black tag team champs in Texas history. See this month's **Heart Punch** and look for a feature in an upcoming issue of **WME** for an in-depth study of this exciting new promotion. . . .

Many potential opponents are intimidated by AWA World Champion **Stan Hansen,** but don't count **Nick Bockwinkel** among them. Bockwinkel, who of course has held that title thrice, is battling Hansen on his own terms, mixing brawling with science and giving the champ the roughest scares of his title reign despite being outweighed by nearly seventy pounds. . . . In one recent incident, Hansen was so frustrated by a sneak attack at the hads of Bockwinkel that he pounded a technician holding a boom mike with a chair. . . . The feud between Bockwinkel and **Larry Zbyszko** seems to have cooled off, as the New Living Legend has been concentrating his efforts on training **Go,** his Ninja protege, and delving further into Eastern mysticism. . . .

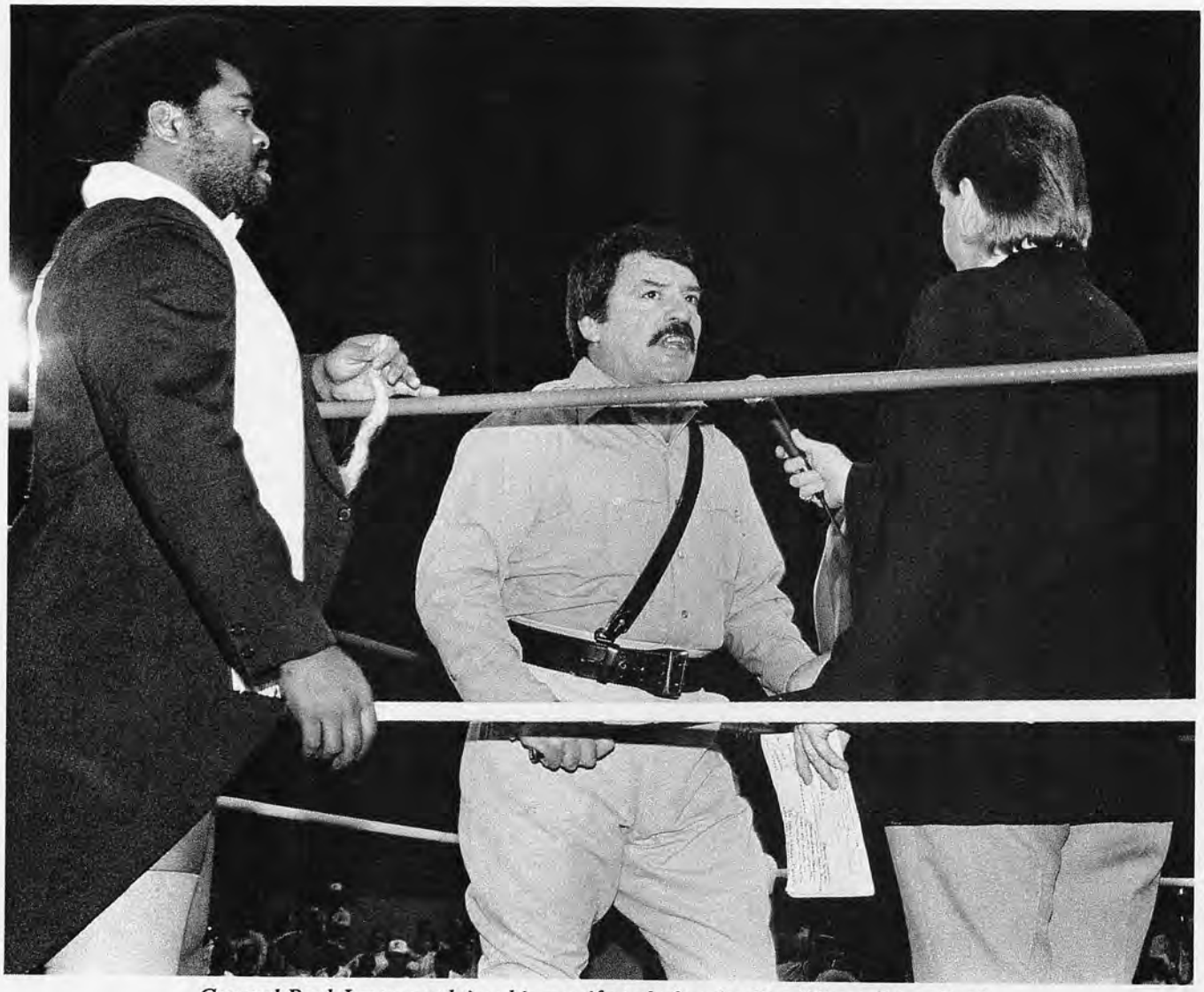
Lex Lugar continues to rampage through Florida, and he added the Bahamas title to the Southern and Florida TV belts he already owned. . . . In other Sunshine State news, **Sir Oliver Humperdink** is managing a tag team he calls the **Shock Troops,** comprised of **Kareem Muhammad** and newcomer **Ed "The Bull"** Gantner. The team is also nicknamed "747", in reference to the sum poundage of their bulk (747 pounds). The Shock Troops are warring with the **Fabulous Ones** in Florida. . . .

See you next month, and don't let the bedbugs piledrive you! ■



Struggling for a Rule Breaking Coup:

THE RISE AND FALL OF GENERAL PAUL JONES



General Paul Jones proclaims his manifesto before leading "Shasta" into Battle.

Paul Jones has assembled an "Army" of political animals, hoping to manipulate their fanaticism for his own personal gain. But he must face facts: mere zealotry is no substitute for talent.

By MATTHEW BARTON

Frustration, disappointment, desperation-they can lead a man to strange things. Nowhere in the mysterious world of professional wrestling is this more obvious than in the case of "General" Paul Jones. He has gone from being a top contender to being a second rate manager, a megalomaniacal buffoon operating on the fringe of wrestling's fifth column.

Those who Jones at his brilliant, rulebreaking best in the '70's can only wonder at what demons gripped him after his career inside the ropes was cut short by knee injuries. He was just plain Paul Jones then, he needed no military title or psuedo-fascist garb to get his points across. He was cruelly efficient grappler, bitterly feuding with Ricky Steamboat and countless others, a brutal competitor serving notice on any and all in the sport.

But today, the self proclaimed "General" pursues bizarre and often meaningless goals. His feud with Jimmy Valiant plods on, reaching new lows almost daily in "Tuxedo Matches" and other alleged forms of competition. Jones has most recently become obsessed with shearing Valiant's shaggy locks, as if giving a haircut to a man he would have easily disposed of in his prime might slow his downhill slide, or as if shredding Valiant's cummerbund were as great a glory as winning a championship belt.

Insignificance and mediocrity have become Jones' calling cards. When he first donned his neatly pressed khakis and SS boots, Jones told associates it was an expression of his ring philosophy. "He wanted to project order, discipline, and fear" Jimmy Valiant sneers, adding: "Let me know when he succeeds."

Indeed, Jones has been able to attract only the most mediocre and dubious talents to his stable. Pez Whatley turned rulebreaker, bought some

Photos by Stu Kaplan

Jones holds The Barbarian's hand high in victory after a bloody bunker brawl.

new hats and joined right up. Konga the Barbarian lumbered in from the wilds. Baron Von Raschke, apparently weary of restraining his claw hand from making "sieg heil" salutes, jumped back from the far Russian left to Jone's New Right. This is Jones' "army." Like the wide eyed lunatics who populate this nation's airports, harassing travellers with their paranoid political views, Jones and his troops prowl the NWA, searching for recruits, winning enough matches to remain visible, but never being impressive enough to be considered more than mere nuisances.

As a manager, Jones lacks the organization and confidence he had as a wrestler, his crypto-Nazi get up is a shabby and despicable cover for this that fools no one. Helmut Von Helmut, as astute observer of German and international ring-wars currently residing in New York, spat angrily when asked his opinion of Jones. "Once there was a time when he knew what to do with such people. This Jones is an inferior boob. There is no order in his ranks, someday they will all be crushed like insects." Von Helmut, an erudite gentleman whose business card reads: "H. Von Helmut, crusader for purity in wrestling", brushed a bit of dust off the ornate frame of the portrait of the German statesman Bismarck that hangs in his Yorkville apartment, and muttered: "I hate these pretenders."

Jackbooted Brown-Shirts like Jones must never be taken too lightly, but it is hard to view him and his current stable as being much of a threat to anyone. The NWA seems to tolerate them as a kind of comic relief and Jones offensive manner and appearance as being the price that they must pay for it.

During our interview, Jones jumped from subject to subject without warning, alternately screaming and whispering. He muttered endlessly about the "conspiracy" that wrecked his knees in the late '80's. "They knew I was the best . . . they stopped me the only way they could. Every guy I fought went straight for my knees. . . they were all paid to!" Jones' voice trailed off and he began to talk about plans for talent searches in Paraguay and Bitburg.

Watching the "General's" men in the gym was no less a peculiar experience. At the session that I attended, Whately and the Barbarian practiced fumbling holds on each other, while at ringside Von Raschke tried to teach Jones some simple German phrases, which are the only kind that he knows. Neither took much interest in the sparring session which eventually ended when Whately got bored and joined the Baron's language class.

It was an odd thing to see a gym session disintegrate so completely and have no one there seem to care, least of all Jones, who was supposed to be in charge. Later, in a feverish voice, Jones addressed his troops and declared: "We are winning, even now! Let those who are too stupid to realize this beware!"

Ten years ago, no one would have predicted such a fate for Paul Jones. Today, only further disintegration and dementia seem likely for him. Denied his chance for glory as a wrestler, the man who was once bent on the destruction of all his opponents seems bent now only on destroying what is still left of his once formidable reputation. ■

OUT OF THE RING

Finally Fighting the Darkness

KEVIN SULLIVAN BREAKS THE DEVIL'S GRIP

In the third and final part of the Kevin Sullivan Saga, Kevin comes face to face with Satan. Can he possibly escape with his soul intact?

Photos by Bill Otten

Bound by Love, the Fallen Angel helps Kevin find the Light.

By MIKE EDISON

In last month's issue we saw Kevin beseech the delectable Fallen Angel to leave him and save her own soul as he prepared to battle Satan and the Evil that nearly destroyed him.

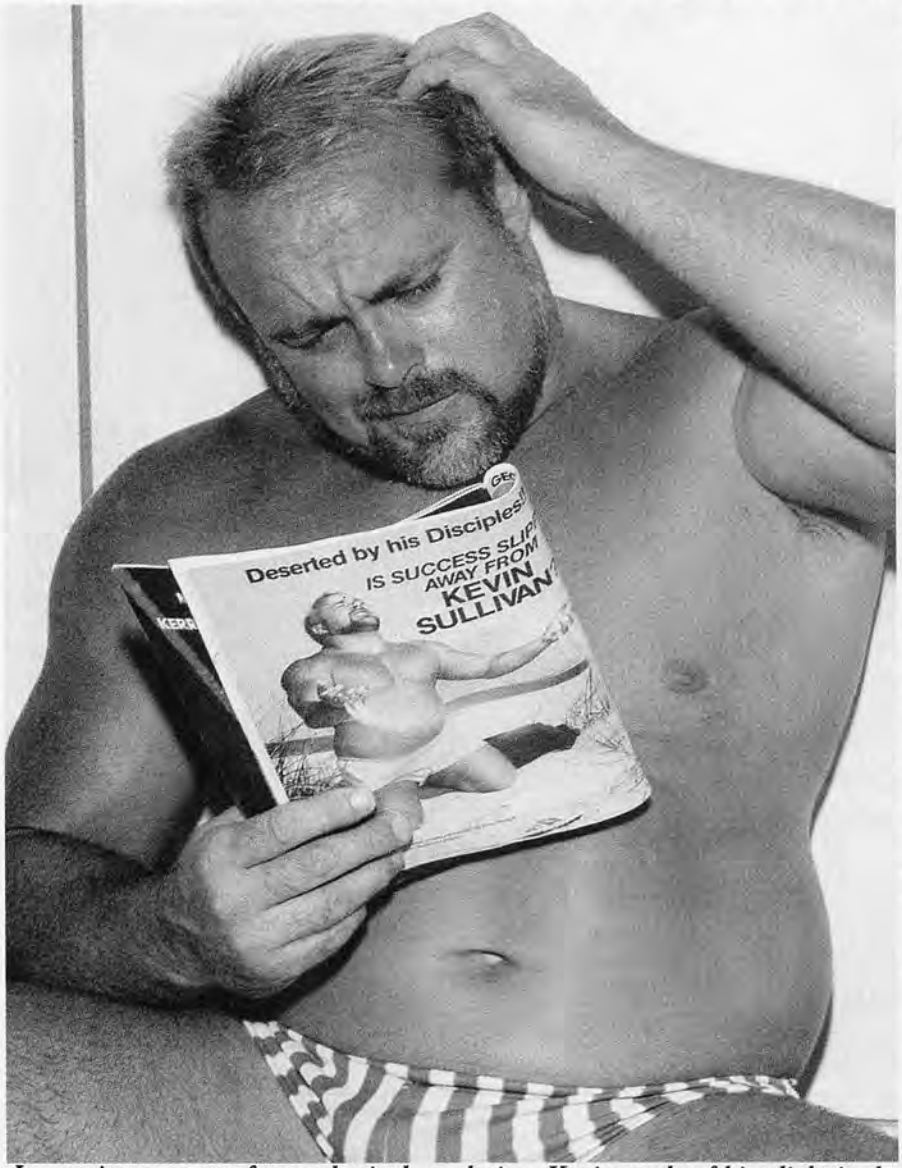
Once again, the sun was setting in the South. The final, life draining rays of the scorching Florida sun were playing off of Kevin Sullivan's bloodshot eyes and glimmering off of the cold sweat that was caking on his face. His eyes were fixed on their own reflection, sending a flaming sword of pain through his body. Yet he stood as a statue, locked tightly with Satan, rigid, collar and elbow with himself. His nostrils burned with the lingering smell of the magical Abremalin incense he had used so many times before to invoke deities of every sort; gods of pleasure and gods of pain, for the complete man knows both Good and Evil. A white string of spittle found it's way onto his bare chest. This was it. Kevin Sullivan had hit rock bottom.

"NOOOOOOOO!!!! I'M NOT GOING WITH YOU!!!! Kevin Sullivan wasn't addressing The Devil as much as he was himself. It was a cry of fury, the fury of a man facing an eternity in the hottest desert of Hell. Astral fishhooks were tearing apart his aorta, ripping his heart into the kind of mess

that soaks up Evil like a sponge. He was tangling with the basest forces of Mankind, the ego and avarice that lives the pious man as well as the most villainous wrestler. He was paying for the original sin. He was looking, digging, praying, for absolution. His mind was already made up—if he got through this he would change his ways and leave the Left Hand Path for good.

Kevin fought to close his eyes and he was bombarded with phosphenes of every color. The Barbarous Names he had recited so many times before rang through his head. Satan tightened his grip and turned up the volume. *"NOOOOOOO!!!!!!"* Kevin hit the floor. Hard. He opened his eyes and listened to the surf pound the beach only yards from this house. There was a full moon and it was yanking the tide wildly against the shore. Clawing the ground, ripping off a nail, he dragged himself onto the beach. He was going to cleanse himself in the warm blue waves. He was going to win this battle.

Kevin Sullivan grapples with his soul, desparately trying to wrench himself free from The Devil.



In a quiet moment of metaphysical pondering, Kevin reads of his plight in the pages of WRESTLING'S MAIN EVENT.

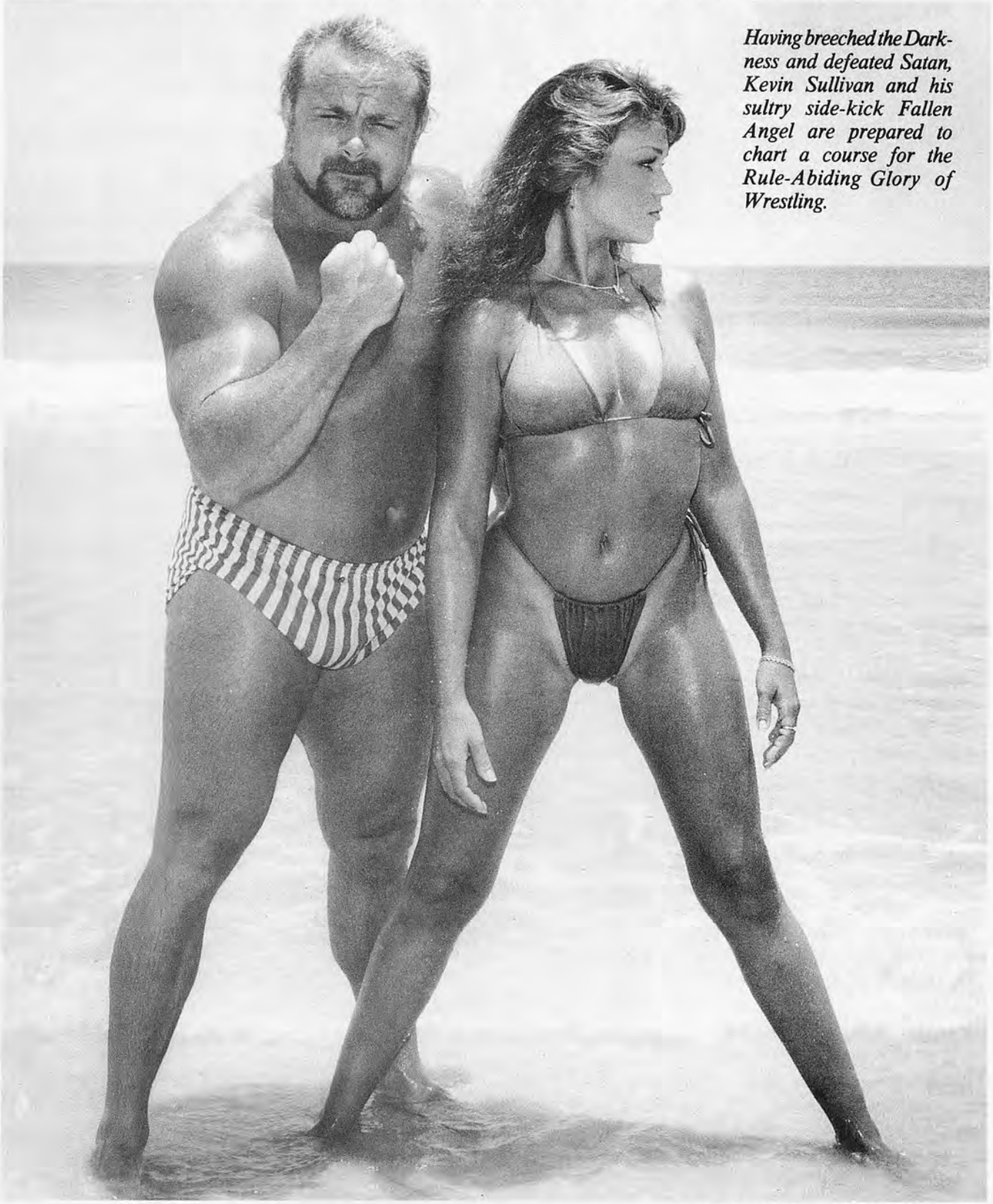
Kevin Sullivan, once the most hated man in all of Wrestling, the man who had made friends with Satan and spent years trying to cripple the Windhams and slaughter Dusty Rhodes, was throwing himself into the ocean, praying for the baptismal effects of the Mighty Waters, writing a covenant with his heart that he would never stray from the side of Good. His head disappeared under the tide and he came up gasping for air before going under again. The fight wasn't over yet.

"ARRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!" He choked on the brine and was promptly crushed by a ten foot monster born a good mile out. Down the beach the Fallen Angel was methodically building sand castles and flattening them with her fist. There was a battle in her heart as well. She did not want to lose the man she loved, and she too was preapred to forsake Satan and chart a course for the Straight and Narrow.

"AAAAAAAARRRRGGGHHHH!!!!!" She heard him that time. Kevin had lunged for the beach, gasping and choking on the salt water. He hit the sand with a thud, face down. Fallen Angel ran towards him and collapsed beside him. Slowly, she rolled him over. He was smiling.

"I won." His face was twisted and

his eyes were wild. She kissed him gingergly on the brow and they helped each other to their feet. "I've come clean," Kevin began, "I'm free." They embraced for a long time. He had won his battle with Satan. He had beaten the Evil that lesser men fall to like feeble houses of playing cards. Fallen Angel looked into his eyes; she was ready to follow Kevin on his new path, she knew that he could gain the respect and admiration of the fans and with his newfound strength help topple the rulebreaking wrestlers he had befriended for so long, but a glimmer of moonlight struck his eyes and reflected madness and melee. He had won his battle and come out a righteous man, but right there on the beach, however lost in love and awe for the man who had just conquered The Devil, the Fallen Angel had to wonder just how long the new, resurrected Kevin Sullivan could possibly last. ■



Having breeched the Darkness and defeated Satan, Kevin Sullivan and his sultry side-kick Fallen Angel are prepared to chart a course for the Rule-Abiding Glory of Wrestling.

Bob "Ace" Orton

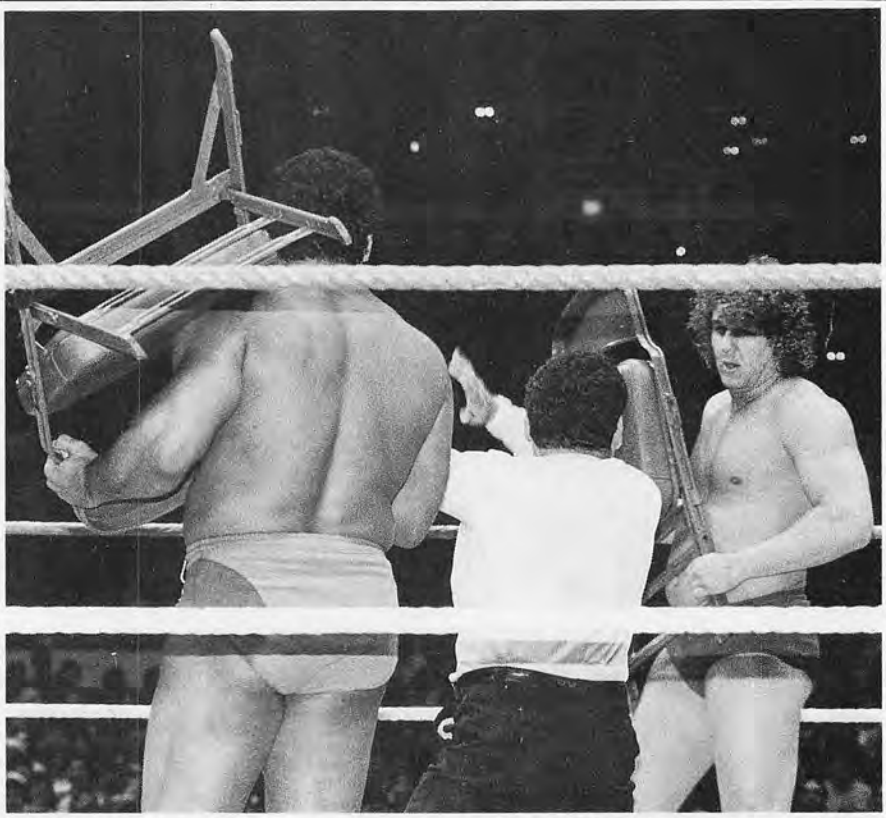
NO DUMB COWPOKE!

Fans of the WWF may think that Roddy Piper has been playing Bob Orton for a fool, but "Ace" is too smart to let someone who wears a skirt take him for a ride.

By MONICA LISBEN

The enigma wrapped inside a puzzle wrapped inside a kilt. That is Roddy Piper. Even when he is noticeably absent from the American mat wars, he is the topic of attention and controversy. He cannot even help being the subject of the lead for an article about another quite accomplished wrestler.

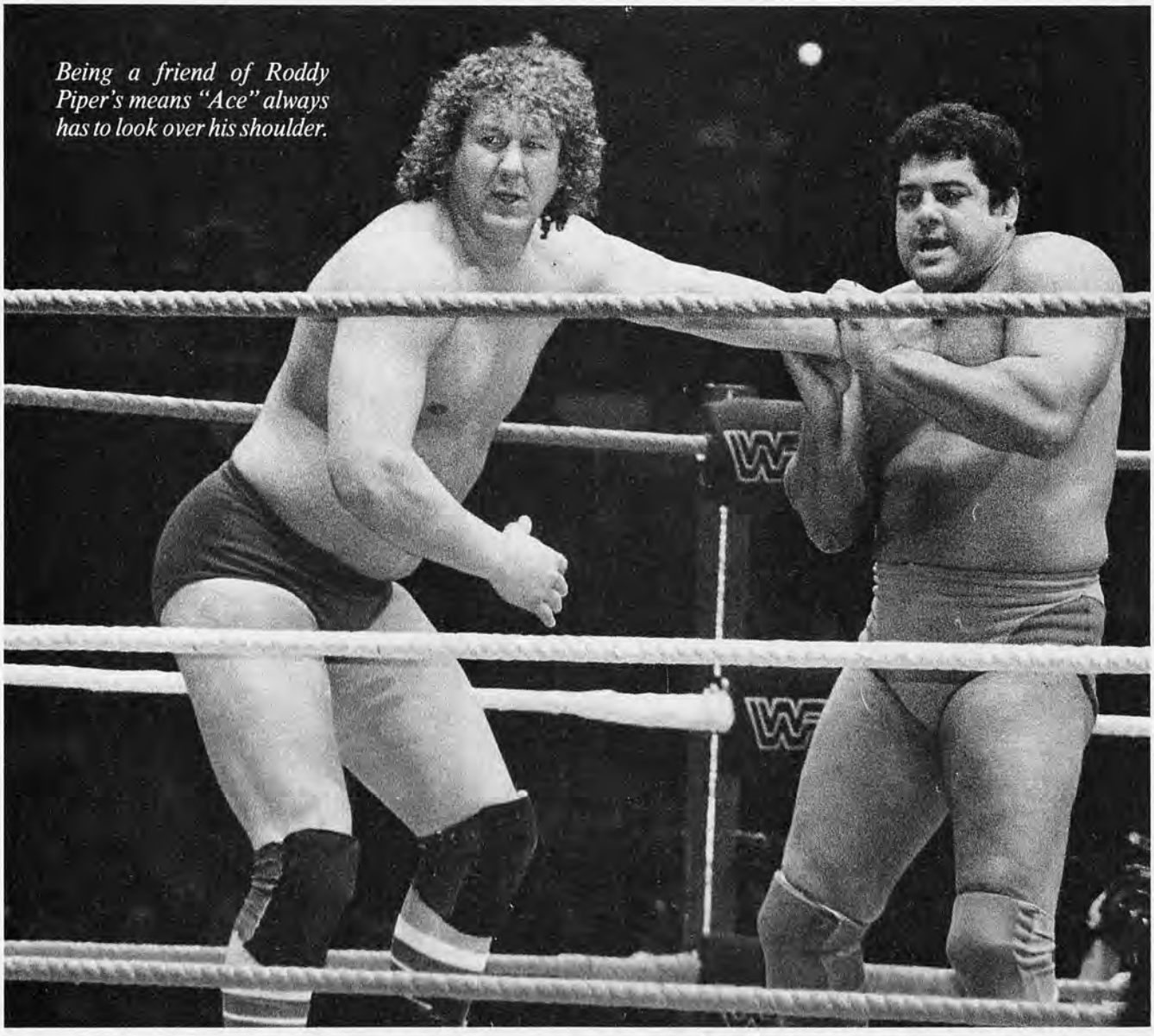
Bob Orton is Ace, Bob Orton is the Cowboy, Bob Orton is Bob Orton Jr., son of an all-time legend and a superlative technical wrestler in his won right. But Bob Orton is most commonly perceived in the public eye as a classic stooge, a flunky, a second banana. Ace's image is that of Roddy Piper's semi-retard bodyguard, a somewhat tragic manchild with a burly voice and no motives to claim for his own. Allegedly, Orton functions as the only fool foolish enough to remain allied to Piper after all the teribly naughty deeds the plaid lord hath perpetrated. Piper has carefully cultivated a reputation as King Slime, the most hated man wrestling can stand, which is nourished by the fertilizer of mashed friendships; some fans and acquaintances of Orton cluck their tongues and wait for the inevitable.



Photos by Jeremy Tepper and Stu Kaplan

Bob Orton has enough scientific resources that he doesn't need to use chairs.

"Roddy Piper is a psychic vampire," a WWF rulebreaker told me shortly before *Wrestlemania I* last year. He correctly predicted that Paul



Being a friend of Roddy Piper's means "Ace" always has to look over his shoulder.

Orndorff's ego would get in the way of his relationship with Piper (though it was actually more the other way around), but worried about Piper's hypnotic effect on Orton. "Ace needs nurturance, reassurance about himself, and Piper preys on his psychological weaknesses," the rulebreaker explained. "Part of it has to do with Orton's intense desire to please his father. Deep down, he believes he can't equal the greatness that was Bob Orton Sr., though if you ask he's already tougher and more skilled than his old man."

Is this amateur psychological profile of the Ace accurate? Is Big Bob doomed to nestle permanently in the shadow of Hot Rod's bucking stallion?

WWF fans and pseudo-shrinks may be in for a big surprise. Bob Orton's not as stupid as he's supposed to look. And a man who looks deeper knows he doesn't look that way at all.

Truth to tell, Orton's been doing mighty fine for himself while Piper has been alternately vacationing, scouting, touring the war torn Mideast, and getting in some well-needed neckbreaker training.

Word is that Piper is frustrated with his self-imposed role of tele-journalist, and realizes he can't reconcile being grappling's gadfly with the responsibilities of a top contender. In his prime, Piper is pound-for-pound as talented as any man in the squared circle. It is morbid to mention his astonishing, *scientific* decimation of Quick Draw Rick McGraw shortly before the latter's untimely demise, but anyone who witnessed Piper's performance in that match knows that he hasn't lost his natural gift for ring devastation. Piper is privately dismayed by his won poor showings in the few matches Hulk Hogan has granted him, and scuttlebutt sez that Roddy will go all out to win the title in the same fashion he once chase Ric Flair for the NWA gold.

And where does that leave Bob Orton? Still on Roddy's payroll, but on his own in a practical sense. No more meaningless tag team matches with feuding ethnics, no more bruises inflicted by angry heroes and raging redneck fans who can't get to his benefactor . . . freedom of a sort. Contrary to popular belief, Bob Orton is very much his own man; but the months to come will show fans and insiders exactly how independent the lanky honcho is.

Bob Orton, master of the Superplex; when asked about the Dynamite Kid's unprecedented off-the-top-rope suplex, Orton sneers sincerely and growls, "Ain't nothin' but show biz. Shoot, that's a circus trick. You can't tell me that limey goon never sent no one to the hospital with a broken back like I have."

Bob Orton, regional champion in virtually every region he has wrestled in since he was an acknowledged Rookie of the Year in 1973. Bob Orton, as respected among his peers as any wrestler; even the fan favorites genuinely *like* him, unless he's busted them open on any given night. "I hate Piper more than any dirty wahine on Earth, bruddah," Jimmy Snuka maintains two years after Roddy cracked his skull with fresh fruit, "but 'dat Orton—I dunno, mon, I feel sorry for the dude. He ain't so bad, Piper's been feeding him bad medicine or somethin'." Greg Valentine, ordinarily obstreprous and arrogant with the press, drops his voice a respectfully harsh octave and faces his inquisitor when asked about Orton. "The greatest manager to walk the earth, the Grand Wizard, told me over dinner one night that Ace was the finest gentleman he'd ever managed. Coming Out of anyone else's mouth, I'd hock and spit on his shoes. But the Imperial one calling somebody a gentleman—hell, that's the best damn compliment you can pay a man."

Bob Orton, future champion? Can the man who was repeatedly humbled by Hogan recoup his athletic powers?

"If anything, now is the best time for him to make his move," says Hercules Hernandez, who has been wrestling as Orton's tag team partner here and there recently. "I don't know Roddy Piper all that well, and I've admired his actions in the past from what I've seen and read about him; but you know the guy tends to dominate people. I don't mean that Dr. Joyce mumbo-jumbo type of dominance; Bob's working for him (Piper), but that's it. I mean Orton can't get the right kind of attention, the good matches when he's Piper's bodyguard. That's why he should emerge from that shadow like the rockin', stompin' killdozin' animal he is. They call him 'the Technician' 'cuz his fist-drop has nuclear bombs in it, and he knows how to diagram devastation like that kid at Geek U. whut built his own A-bomb. HAW HAW HAW!!!"

Cowboy Bob Orton, sleeper of the year. Watch out for him. ■

Orton's career certainly needs a breath of fresh air.

Entering a feud with Paul Orndorff could have been Orton's biggest mistake.

The Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling: CHALLENGING THE CHEESECAKE CHUMPS!!!

Women are a vanishing commodity in Professional Wrestling. The Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling are out to change that.

By JIM SCHUERMANN

The absence of Wendi Richter from the mat wars has left women's wrestling in a state of doldrums. The Fabulous Moolah defends her WWF World title on a semi-active basis, and few other female grapplers can find work on major cards. The role of wrestling women in the Eighties seems to be as valets—even the tremendously gifted Sherri Martel has focused on seconding the AWA Tag Team champions, Buddy Rose and Doug Somers, rather than pursuing her own ring career.

The Jungle Woman preys on Man's more primitive instincts.

Into the breach has stepped a man named David McLane and his new organization G.L.O.W.—Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling. One might expect a menagerie of mud wrestlers and body slams in Jell-O from an outfit with such a cheesecake moniker, but not so, insists Mr. McLane.

"I started a talent search in August of last year," he says. "I was concerned with the state of women's wrestling and knew there was a major void to be filled. The ladies' divisions seemed to be dying from lack of exposure, certainly not due to a lack of fan interest. I figured that the best way to remedy the situation was by creating an all-ladies' division. I feel that G.L.O.W. can revolutionize the sport of wrestling."

Mental images may emerge of the fat little promoter with sweaty palms and a cigar stub in his mouth, hitting on a "brainstorm" and breathlessly phoning agents: "Listen, Manny, I want a dozen of your best dames sent over. . . ." In truth, McLane is a serious fan with a perspective on wrestling

The lovely Americana (left) is a welcome addition to the fold of patriotic wrestlers as are Hollywood and Vine (right).

history.

"I started out in the wrestling business when I was fourteen," he says, "selling photographs and homemade silkscreened T-shirts of my idol, the great Dick the Bruiser. I've been in and out of the sport, working on a variety of projects, but I've followed wrestling with a fanatic's zeal all my life. I was happy to see the media attention wrestling received due to the *WrestleMania* shows and so forth-it goes to show what I believed all along, that wrestling is one of the greatest American phenomena."

McLane bristles at the notion that the Las Vegas-based organization amounts to no more than a bevy of beauteous gals. "The wrestling is primary, but not secondary," he told us. "I conducted an extensive talent search to choose our roster. Good looks and

The Royal Hawaiian adds an exotic taste to the G.L.O.W.

charisma were important, sure, but I don't care if you look like Pia Zadora, if you can't handle yourself in the ring to look for work elsewhere.

"Maybe the 'Gorgeous' title puts some wrestling purists off, but what about the 'Gorgeous' George and 'Gorgeous' Jimmy Garvin? I think any of our ladies would give Wendi Richter a whale of a scrap. In fact, I challenge her and Moolah and anyone else to tangle with our tigresses."

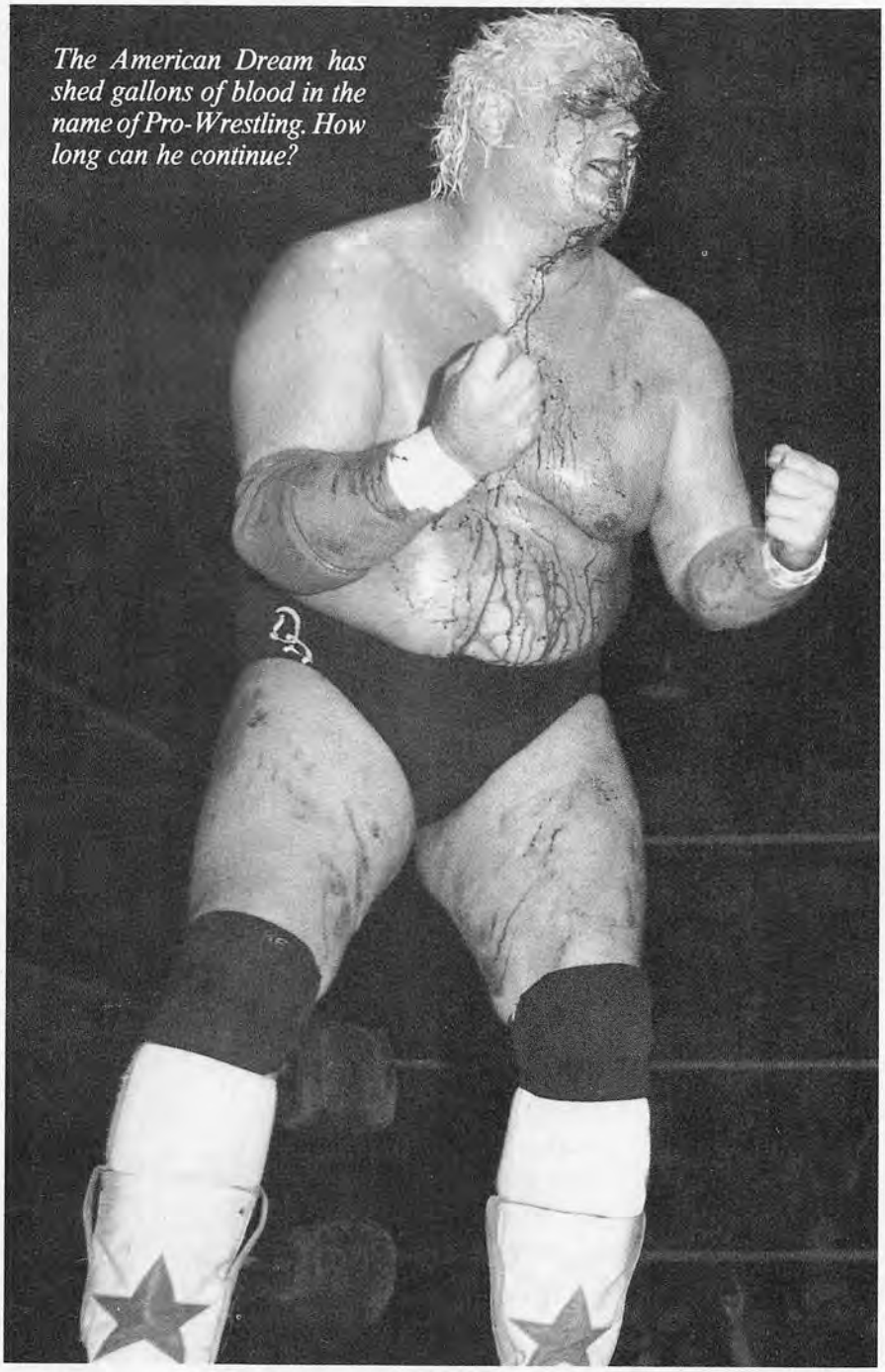
"In a sense, G.L.O.W spotlights the new woman of the Eighties," McLane continues. "They're positive, aggressive, and unafraid of new challenges."

WME correspondent Monica Lisben has been doing extensive research for a feature story on the women of G.L.O.W. Monica will tell all about G.L.O.W. in a future issue of *WME.*

G.L.O.W. will be hosting its own syndicated TV program this fall, reaching a number of major markets throughout the country. One way or another, it will doubtless have a major impact on the world of women's wrestling. ■

THE AMERICAN DREAM LOOKS AT A HONKY TONK VACATION

By DIGGER MOLLOY



The American Dream has shed gallons of blood in the name of Pro-Wrestling. How long can he continue?

Should Dusty Call It Quits?

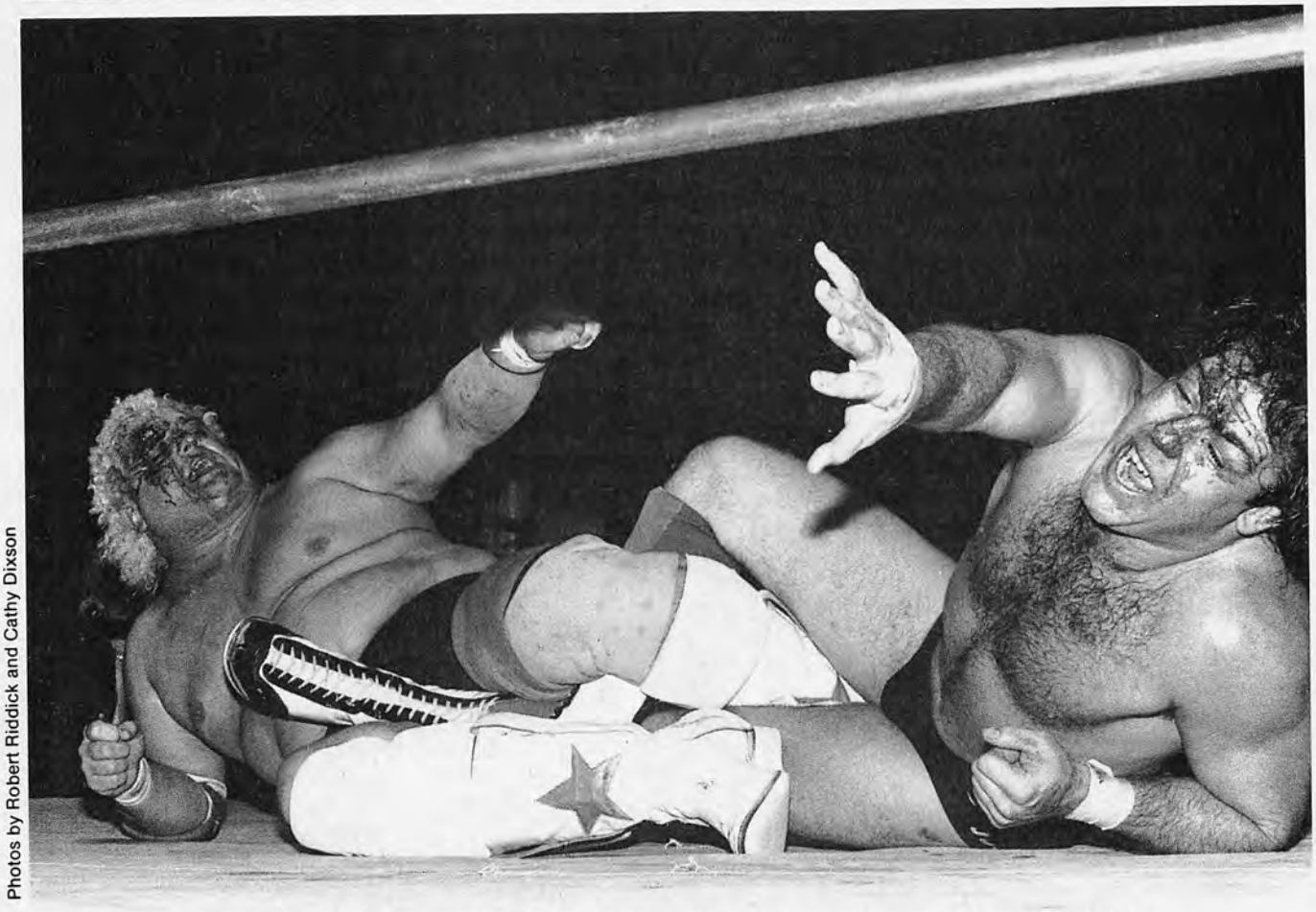
People ask me why I retired from professional wrestling at a relatively early age. I used to give them a stock answer: "Because Richard Nixon, Killer Kowalski, and I have made more enemies than any other living American." That's why I write with a pen name, hoping my pseudonym might save me from an old score's sniper fire through my living room picture window.

Now the ravages of time have made me less than instantly recognizable. Only old friends and the stray wrestling fanatic know to ask, and the former know well enough not to ask. If I do hear the question these days, however, my answer emanates from the soul. "I didn't have the belly for it anymore."

That answer isn't entirely true, either; leave out some particulars about the business end, the politics of wrestling. But I could always fight that in my own way. It's when I was fed up and nauseated by the pain and psychological anguish of the world's greatest sport that I knew I was through. I was in my physical peak, which occurs for wrestlers at a later age than any other athletes besides jockeys and golfers. But when the stitches hurt like razors and I started taking my opponents' verbal invectives seriously, I knew I'd outgrown the game. The fire had left my belly. It was like an unwanted exorcism of my killer instinct, and I knew even Nick Bockwinkel can't survive in the ring on cunning alone.

But I'm blessed with a "gift" for soul-searching. I've always driven myself in the direction of feelings. Half the time I wind up in the ditch with a

Responding to the avalanche of mail received at the WME office, veteran wrestler and tell-it-like-it-is columnist Digger Molloy analyzes the plight of his old friend Dusty Rhodes.



Photos by Robert Riddick and Cathy Dixson

Dusty's feud with Tully Blanchard took its toll despite his astronomical weight advantage.

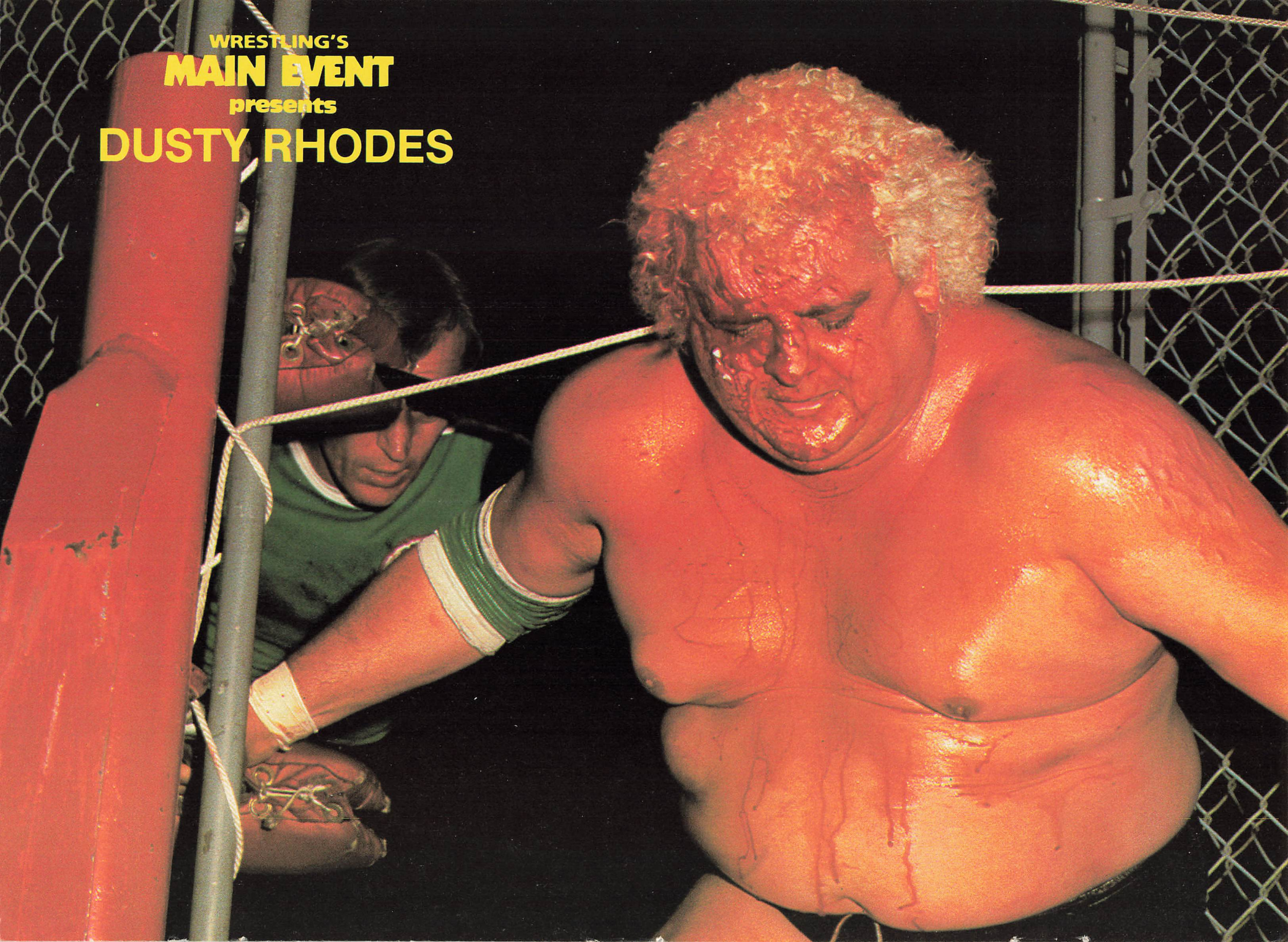
screaming cherrytop in the rear view mirror. But my motto in life's always been, rear views are for punks. I see men older than I am competing for bigger bucks than I ever dreamed of in the ring, but I have no regrets.

Yet, what about the athletes who never lose their fire? The Pete Roses, Franco Harrises, Muhammad Alis of the world who can't stomach the notion of retiring when it's time?

I can't tell you too much about my relationship with Dusty Rhodes from the outset of his career, as it would reveal my identity. But I knew him in the summer of '68, when the smell of border herbs and flower power mixed with the noxious odors of napalm and tear gas in the muggy haze. When he was digging ditches on a full-time crew with T.C. Lee and wrestling nights in honky-tonks and indie clubs when he wasn't too exhausted. Sometimes when he was.

I knew he was bound to be a champ even then, no matter how corny that sounds. He knew his suplexes and piledrivers as well as any main eventer, and he blended his raw talent with the

More and more, Dusty's face drips with blood and anguish.


WRESTLING'S
MAIN EVENT
presents
DUSTY RHODES

desire for combat. He was Rousseau's noble savage, he was Nietzsche's *ubermenshch,* he was a magnificent redneck who didn't give a hoot about philosophers but loved Merle Haggard and Hank Williams and knew instinctively the strange forces of blood, poetry, barbarism and courage which built this country. When his now-legendary fellow ditchdigger dubbed him "The American Dream", that wasn't shuck and jive. I arranged a few prelim matches for Dusty on cards I worked at the time and I'm proud that I did.

Today is today. I'm retired and working as a freelance senior citizen, and Dusty Rhodes is wrestling as passionately and joyously as ever. And the kids who run the editorial staff of this magazine were shocked at the enormous volume of mail reacting to our July story about *Tully Blanchard Enterprises'* petition to force Dusty into retirement. The letters favor Dusty, but not by much. It's still coming in, but so far it's running about 55-45 percentage-wise in favor of "allowing" Mr. Runnels to continue to pursue his chosen profession.

As Dick Young and Jeremy Tepper are fond of saying, "What's going on here?" I'll tell you exactly. Some of the anti-Dusty letters are from Jesse-come-lately rulebreaker fans who hate his guts to begin with, but nearly as many are from Dusty's fans who just can't bear to see the abuse his body is taking.

And they're absolutely correct on that point. The scorecard of Dusty's career-threatening injuries runs into the margin and off the margin. 203 broken bones, 86 alone in the limbs. 158 concussions, 36 of them medically "severe". An estimated *twenty thousand* stitches over the years—no one is ghoulish enough to keep track anymore. In fact, fans may notice Dusty is bleeding *less* than ever now, because the scar tissue has built to such an extent that the skin about his eyes and forehead has a putty-like consistency, thicker than average skin. There is absolutely no doubt that Dusty Rhodes has sustained more damage to his body than any wrestler in history. As one correspondent writers, "He should be envious of Evel Knievel."

Should Dusty call it quits? Magnum T.A. thinks not.

But the man is *still a great wrestler.* Ric Flair, Tully Blanchard, Arn Anderson, Nikita Koloff—*none* of these men can claim a decisive victory over Dusty in the last two years or so, since he started wrestling in World Championship exclusively. Dusty is still, at the very least, one of the best two dozen wrestlers in the world.

It should be apparent to anyone over the age of toilet training that Dusty Rhodes should not retire because his skills have abandoned him. And as for his porcine belly—well, he's always been fat, he's just gotten fatter. I offer no defense for Mr. Runnels' cellulite; I don't have to. All you have to do is watch Dusty execute a bionic elbow-smash. He may be six footish and three-oh-ten-poundish, but the Coronary Dream can still leap to position his elbow at ten feet airborne, *without using the ropes,* and land it perfectly on a prone foe's sternum. Besides, like Adrian Adonis, he has a Babe Ruth powerized model frame; a blubbery torso firmly attached to strong, lithe piano legs. King Kong Bundy has no agility because his thighs chafe; Dusty has a gut, but he's still quicker than most wrestlers.

Still, the question remains; has Dusty's body taken too much abuse? Should he retire to save his life?

Dusty has already made one decision to prolong his career; he's cut down on his travel schedule by working almost entirely for World Championship. Dusty was a troubleshooter for every promoter in the Western Hemisphere for most of his career; fans may remember when he was simultaneously the Number One contender in the NWA and the WWF for a time in the late '70's. I would suggest that Dusty take a vacation, some R&R for a period of six months to a year. He may hate it, but it would be medicine for his aching body; it would do him good in the long run. Magnum TA and the Road Warriors can handle his crusades nicely for the time being, and when he'd come back he'd be stronger than ever.

That would be a compromise that the fans who worry about him would appreciate, yet it wouldn't comfort the enemy. They'd know his return would be imminent. And lethal. ■

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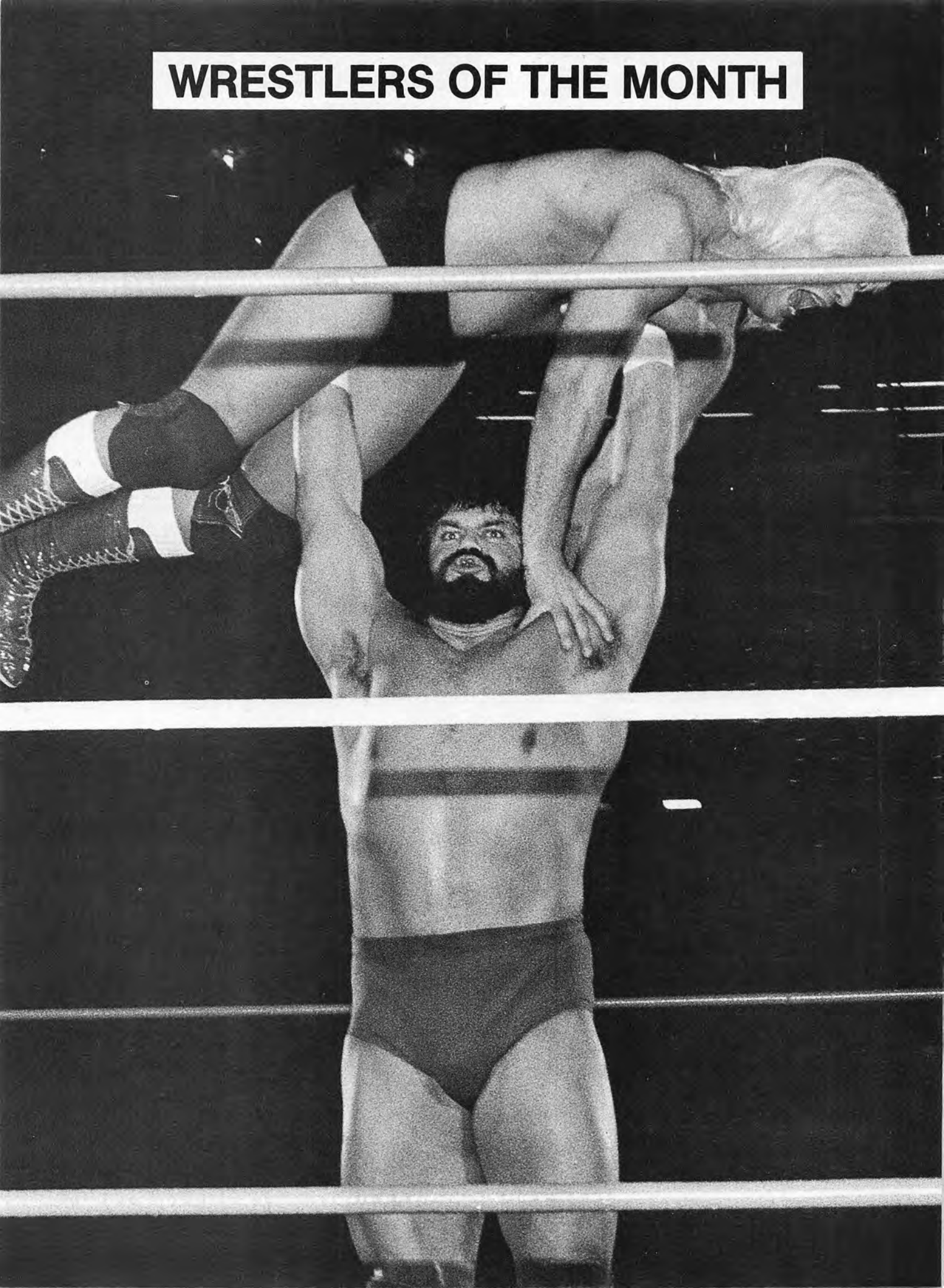


Dr. Death Steve Williams is out to get Terry Gordy's UWF Championship belt and avenge the bloody beating Hacksaw Duggan took at the hands of the One Man Gang.

A Man and a Half!

DR. DEATH LOOKS FOR VENGEANCE IN THE UWF

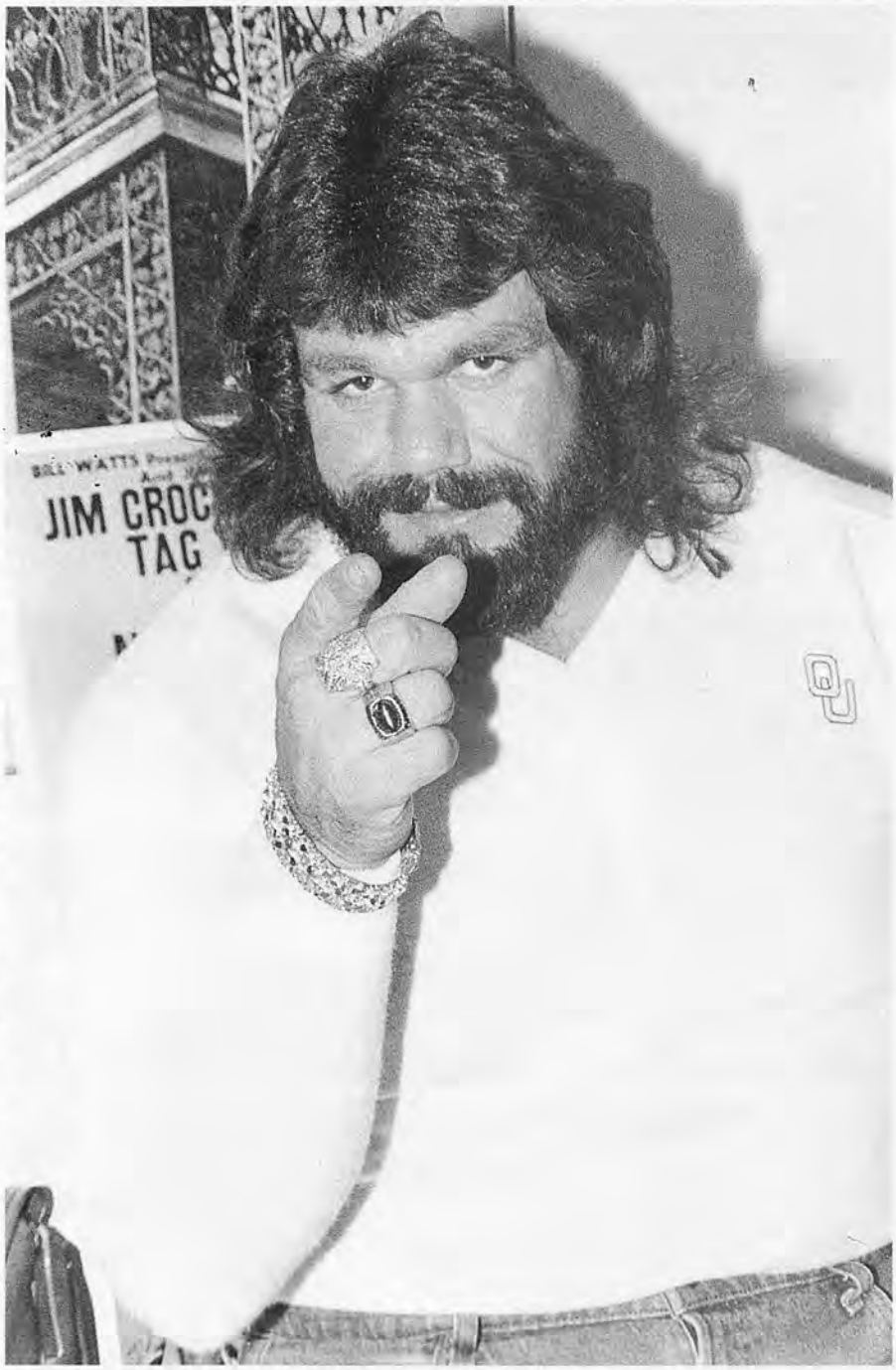
By HOWARD L. FRAMPTON

Steve Williams and I left the lobby of the Cornstalk Fence Hotel and passed through its fabled cheesy gates. He was staying in the French Quarter rooms for a few days prior to an upcoming match in New Orleans. The Cornstalk is named for its inimitable wrought-iron fence, which has yellow metal corncobs jutting from the grille.

I had asked Williams about his transition from being hated to becoming popular in the Mid-South, and he answered with an anecdote about a crazed fan who once clobbered him in the back with a glass eye. He said nothing more to illustrate his change in convictions.

Steve Williams is a hard man to figure. He's loud and brash in televised interviews, but that's standard in this business. In person he adopts a towering persona high places itself above all inquiry. He says little, and presumes his few words and many actions are self-explanatory.

We turned onto Bourbon Street. Williams walked through a jambalaya mixture of tourists and tradesmen with his head somewhere well above his shoulders, noticing everything and considering nothing. An elderly couple with accents that didn't smell touristy politely asked him for his autograph, and he politely acquiesced.



Dr. Death is looking to take care of the One Man Gang and Terry Gordy and he doesn't mind if he wins the UWF title while he's at it.

Photos by Stu Kaplan

Steve Williams tells Buddy Landell the meaning of "Dr. Death."

We made it to Acme Oyster Bar on Iberville Street just before closing. (Eat early and drink is a maximus in New Orleans.) We ordered the oysters on the half-shell. Minutes later, a waitress who looked like a classic waitress with ten feet of hair and a smile and mile's length of chewing gum-served me a dozen and served Williams three dozen, equally raw.

"The United Wrestling Federation," I said, after downing a couple of oysters "World Champion, Terry Gordy. What do you think about that?"

Williams stirred horseradish into his ketchup and lemon juice with an air of contemplation. "(Hacksaw) Duggan's the uncrowned champion. Until I win the belt myself," he added, tapping a few jolts of tabasco into his paper cup of sauce.

"Uncrowned?"

Williams stabbed an oyster with his tiny-pronged fork and swallowed it like medicine, making a face. He loved oysters, but he didn't like something else.

"Don't get me wrong," he barked. "Duggan and I still have a few scores to settle. But he's a righteous man, and I can't respect nobody who gets to be top dog through his pals."

"You're referring to Michael Hayes' interference?"

Williams was expressionless when he picked up an oyster shell and broke it clearly in half between two shaking hands.

"Terry Gordy's a fine wrestler," Williams muttered into his beard. He casually set down the cleaved shell on the tablecloth as it it was a snapped toothpick. "But I don't give two lumpen horsepies for a man who lets a prancing daisy like Hayes do his fightin' for him." Williams stuffed another oyster into his mouth and made "mmmmmmm" sound.

"So you . . ."

"Hayes is a buffoon," Williams said. "And as much as I like the way Gordy wrestles, you gotta look at his history to see how much he counts on Hayes to Pearl harbor guys. And besides, Duggan nearly lost his life to the One Man Gang (in an impromptu semifinal match on the night of the UWF World title elimination tournament). I ain't makin' excuses for him, but he was bloodied up and desperate." Williams chugged down a full glass of ice water, crunching bits of ice between his molars.

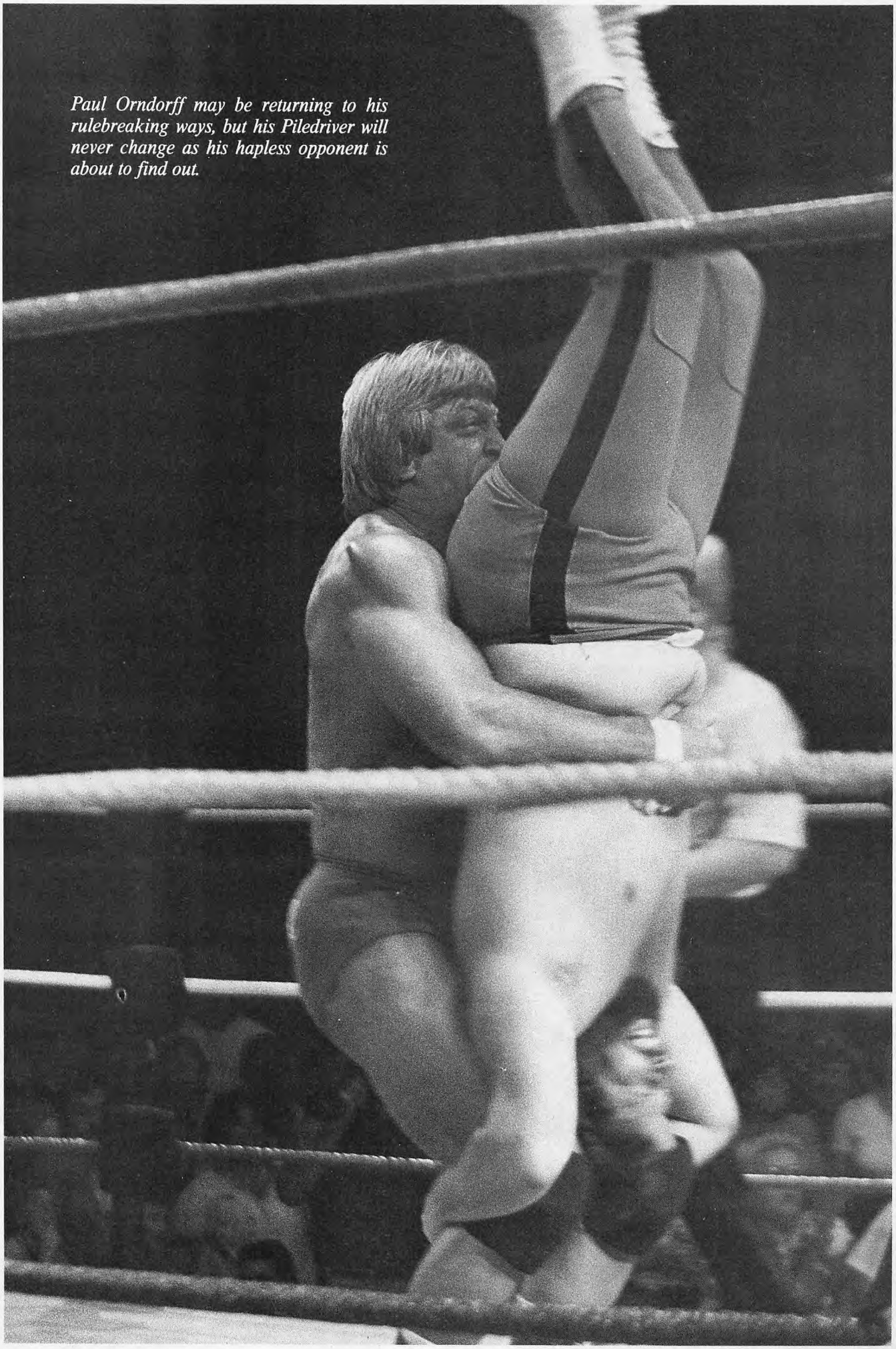
"You and Hacksaw have a lot in common," I said, gobbling my final oyster.

"Listen here, pal," Dr. Death intoned. "I'm the baddest man to walk the face of the earth. Hacksaw's a badass with heart and soul, but I could still whup his hide."

Williams finished his three dozen and roughly wiped sauce from his beard with his napkin.

"Lemme tell you one more thing, and then I gotta work out," he said. "Gordy's piledriver is the best in the business, but he'll never catch me in it. He can't put me in that position. I'm a man and a half, daddy." ■

Steve Williams doesnt' take guff from anybody and it's his no-nonsense attitude that has made him one of the most popular men in the UWF.



Paul Orndorff may be returning to his rulebreaking ways, but his Piledriver will never change as his hapless opponent is about to find out.

Photos by Stu Kaplan, Jeremy Tepper and John Barrett

Mr. Wonderful has tired of wallowing in the mire of WWF fan favorite contenders. He's preening his murderous instincts and getting ready to "fight to kill."

Digging For a New Strategy

MR. WONDERFUL IS MAD AS HELL!!!

The time has come for Mr. Wonderful to reconsider his priorities: his fans or Ten Pounds of Gold?

By JIM SCHUERMANN

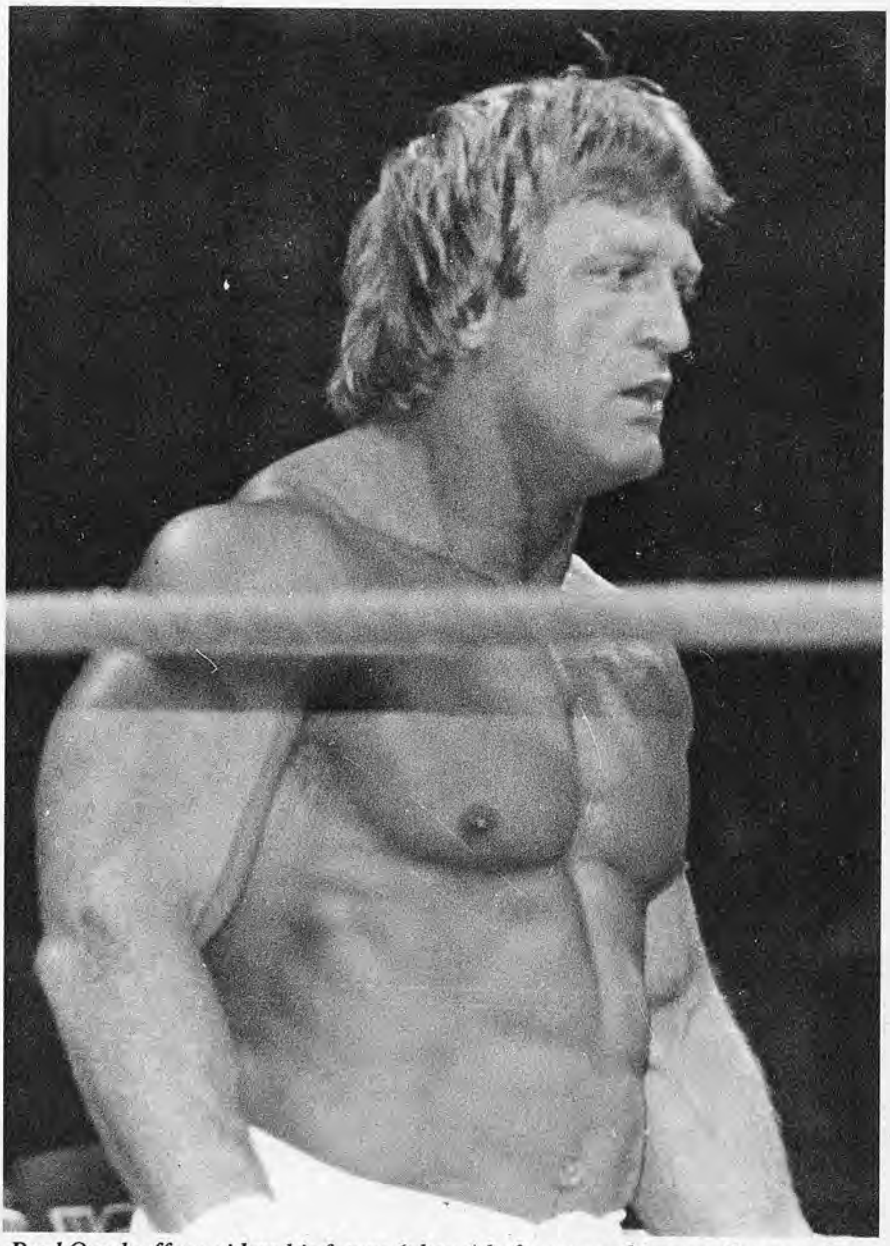
Indian Summer, 1980. Paul Orndorff is watching a purple television screen, and a boy reporter is watching him. Orndorff's feet are propped up in scuffed boots on the bedsheet, and he's sipping some brown cola product from a plastic motel glass. There isn't any ice in it because Orndorff believes it's bad for the digestive system.

His old team, the New Orleans Saints, is getting royally trounced by the Rams. No bettors' shock there. Orndorff mutters a brief, casual obscenity about the Saints' gridiron prowess and rolls off the bed to adjust the tint control. The screen turns pink when he cranks it one way, and it turns green when he cranks it the other way.

Orndorff shruggs and shuts off the set. He bounds back onto the bed and stops bounding when the bed stops shaking and settles beneath his 240 lbs. 7 oz. He drains the warm cola and randomly cracks the plastiglass into splinters.

Boy Reporter didn't have too many questions to ask; He is new to the grappling beat, and had not yet learned that the ideal interview with a tired athlete consisted of a casual conversation with a few pointed queries from which to glean quotes. Instead, Boy Reporter passed hours with his subjects without uttering a single declarative sentence to prove he was human.

What immediately flashes in Boy Reporter's mind is the irony of seeing Paul Orndorff in a prone, sleepy position, beefy arms stretched behind his



Paul Orndorff considers his future (above) before crunching another cranium (left). But no matter what side of the fence he's on, his killer instinct remains intact.

head and squashing the pillows. Orndorff has a match against Jake (The Snake) Roberts in a few hours. The two former tag team partners (Mid-South, circa 1980) are engaged in a bitter feud because Orndorff overslept through one of their title defenses. Yet, the rumor mill reports that Orndorff is feeling so guilty (in private) about his malfeasance tat he suffers perpetual insomnia. It would be the first time Orndorff was made a scapegoat for a tag team. His weariness is understandable, and touching, if insomnia is the cause. Boy Reporter decides not to broach the subject. His stomach and back are aching from fast food and nerves. He bobs for a safe question. "What made you choose wrestling over football?"

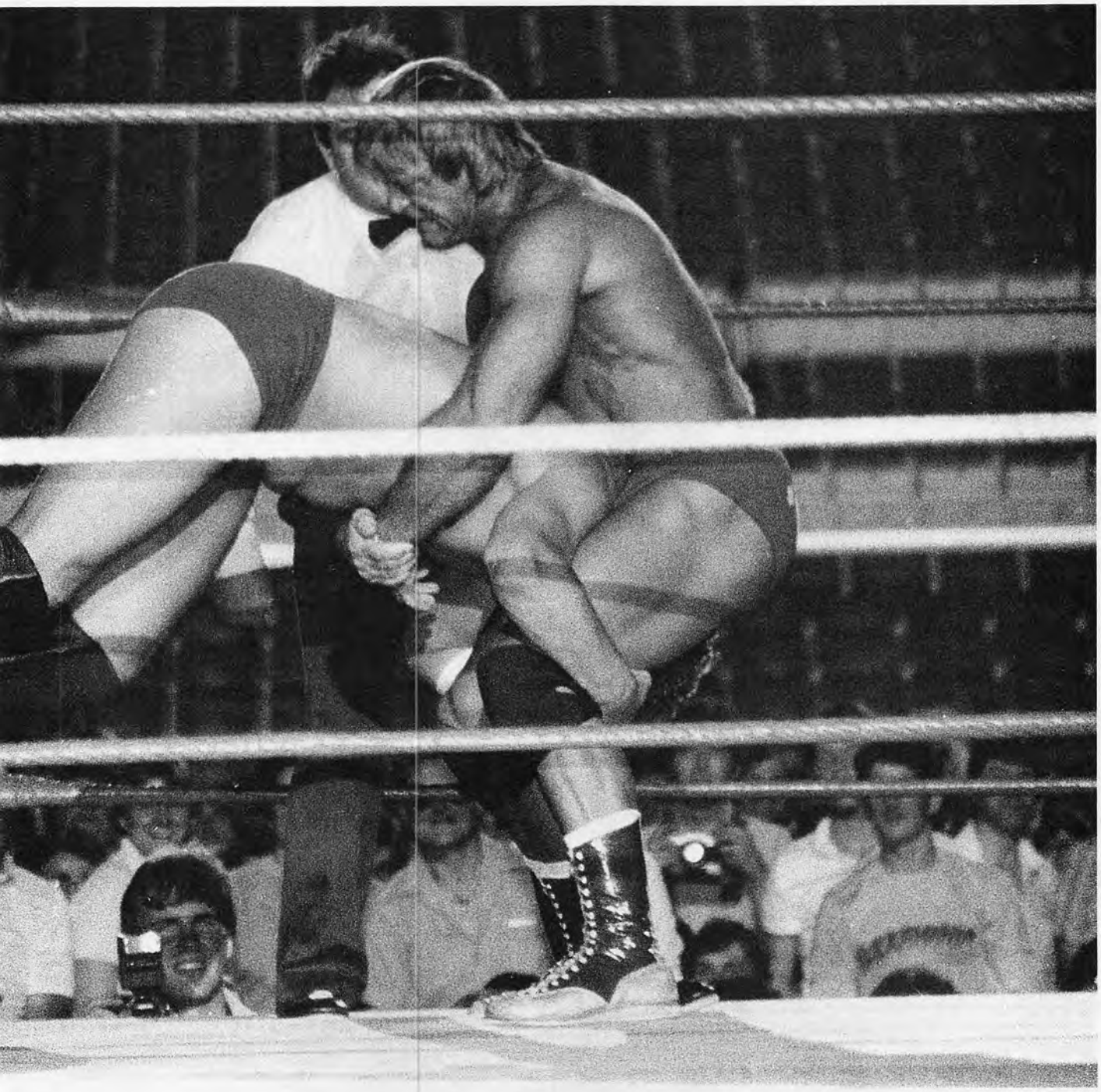
Orndorff jacks up his eyelids and sees ceiling. He doesn't look at the interrogator.

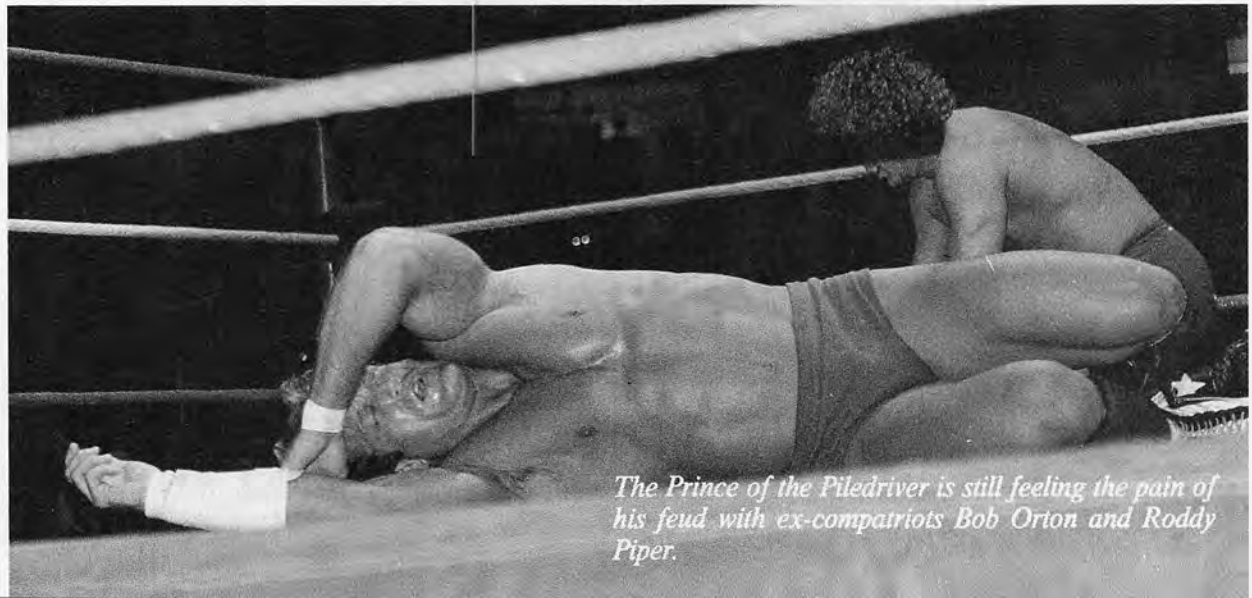
"I've been asked that . . ." Orndorff is about to say A MILLION TIMES, or some appropriate metaphor of mega-quality. He stops his tongue and thinks about what he's going to say.

"I'll tell you why I really left football. It wasn't because I was released, 'cuz I could have hooked on with half a dozen other teams my agent contacted. It wasn't for the money either, 'cuz I had to scratch up from the prelims with second and third jobs on the side to make McDonald's money.

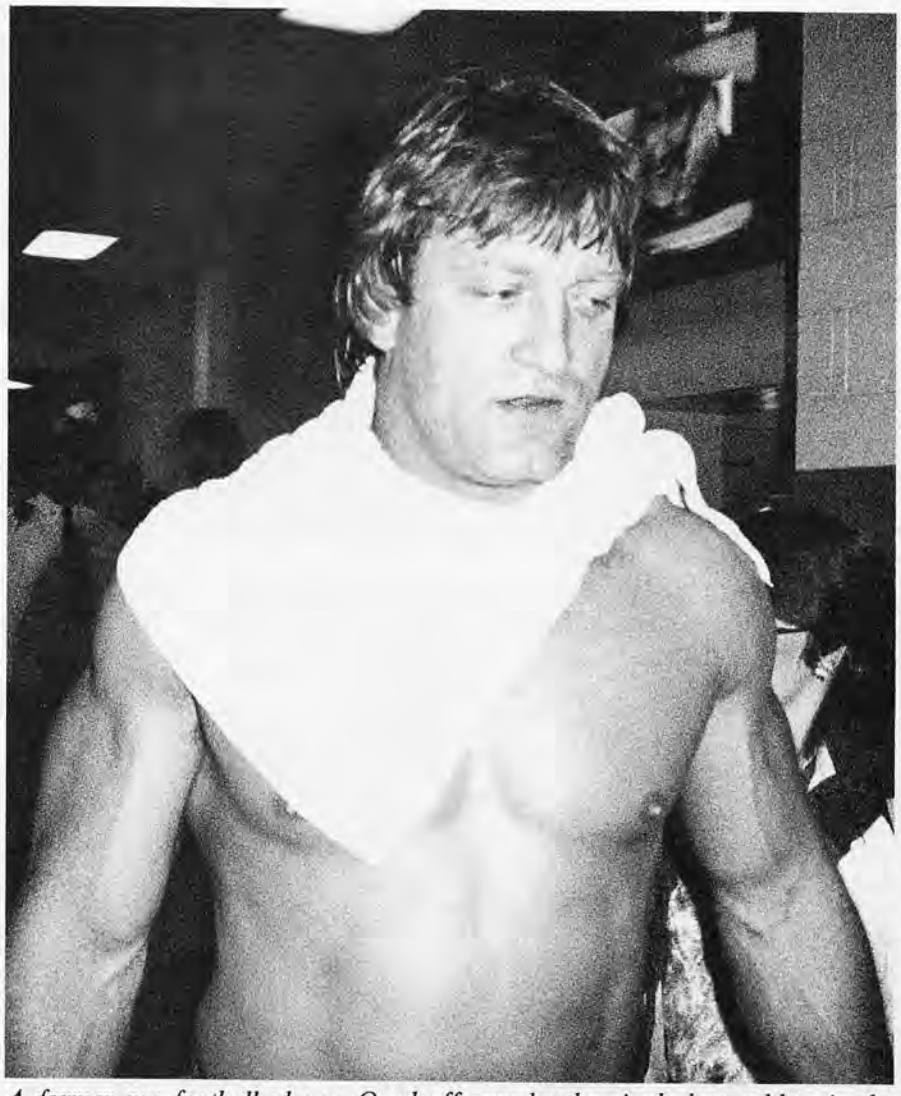
"See, wrestling is . . . everything's naked in wrestling. Man against man, no quarter given or lent in any installment plan.

"Lemme tell you, man, you watch them grinders out there in the Super-





The Prince of the Piledriver is still feeling the pain of his feud with ex-compatriots Bob Orton and Roddy Piper.



A former pro-football player, Orndorff may be the single best athlete in the WWF today.

dome, on the (football) field, and there ain't even Governor Edwards on the fifty-yard box who can tell you what I look like.

"In football, you're part of the big plan, you got your playbook and you play by THOSE rules. There ain't no room to improvise, unless you're a sissy boy quarterback who makes the plays according to the way his hair's blowing. Most guys (in football) are cogs in a machine and all the fans see is your number. Hell, even the smartest football fans only know the All-Pros by their faces. All the scrabs are covered by their face guards. . . ."

"Wrestling is a theatre of violence that gives credit to the men. The men with faces and sweaty bodies and minds that word and badass attitudes. You can see what we're really about. Hell, even the fighters wear gloves. We don't wear nothin', just cotton knee and elbow pads, if we want to wear that even. The rest is-hell, y'all see me out there in a crowd, HERE I AM!!! Even the worst prelim bum has a personality and something' to fight for in the ring."

Orndorff was off the bed now, pacing about the motel room with clenched fists pounding his hips.

"Don't get me wrong, football's a great sport. I just want the fans to know where I stand—good or bad. I don't want to be a faceless digit and I don't give a *&#$)@#@ whether they're booin' me now. At least they know I'm ticked at The Snake. Like Joe Louis said, 'You can run but you can't hide.' That's exactly what it's like wrestling."

March 1985. A week before *WrestleMania I.* Oh boy. I receive confidential report from the Postscientific Institute. Paul Orndorff is Number One in the WWF. These ratings are based on skill alone. Won-loss records have nothing to do with them. The Iron Sheik is second and Wendi Richter is third.

I'll translate for you a portion of their coded "Comments" section:

There is absolutely no question that Paul (Mr. Wonderful) Orndorff is equal to any professional wrestler in all-around ability. There is no post-scientific category in which he does not excel. He is incredibly powerful, but his musculature does not overwhelm agility; he relies upon technical creativity, and rarely applies brute strength. One must except the instances in which he has successfully suplexed Hulk Hogan—triumphs of bulk and brilliance.

Mr. Orndorff's piledriver, a relatively new addition to his respective approaches Jerry Lawler's in execution, and his stylised elbowsmash has revolutionized an heretofore mundane maneuver. Neophytes have been observed to adopt Mr. Orndorff's style of dropping the point of the elbow, rather than the triceps area, transforming a power move into a power gouge.

"However, Paul Orndorff will never be a major champion until he reconciles his emotions with the consequences of is actions." He wrestles brilliantly when he is angry, but he is not consistently angry; fans at ringside have been objectively measured to rate Mr. Orndorff's performance via facial expressions. . . CROSSREF DON MURACO. . ."

April 1986. Paul Orndorff meets Don Muraco in the first match of *WrestleMania II.* Both men are perturbed at being chosen for the opening act of Vince McMahon's version of Entertainment Tonight. Both men wrestle on their heels, like Hector Camacho with a hangover. What is potentially the most exciting match of the card proves to be the dullest.

"Well, jot this down, pal," he says. "Fight to kill."

Orndorff stalked off down the aisle to the dressing room. There was no mistaking his naked rage. ■

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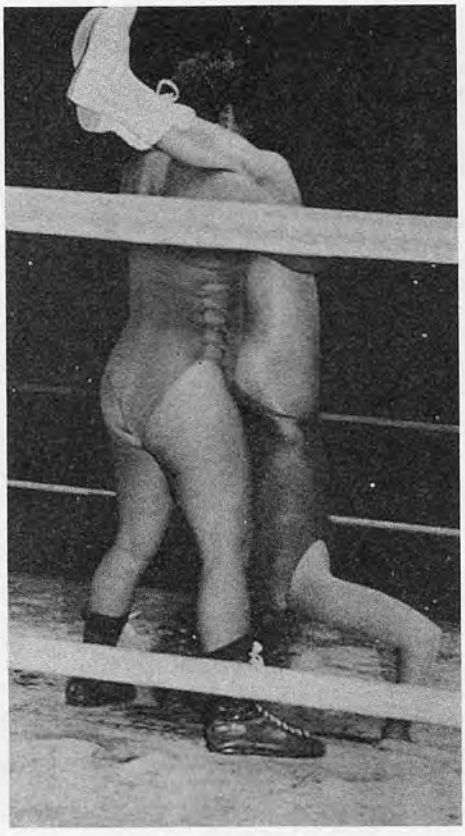
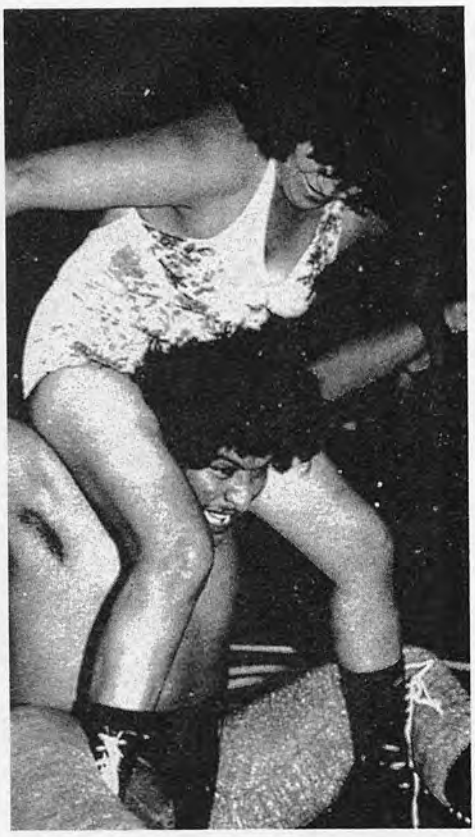


Pro Lady's



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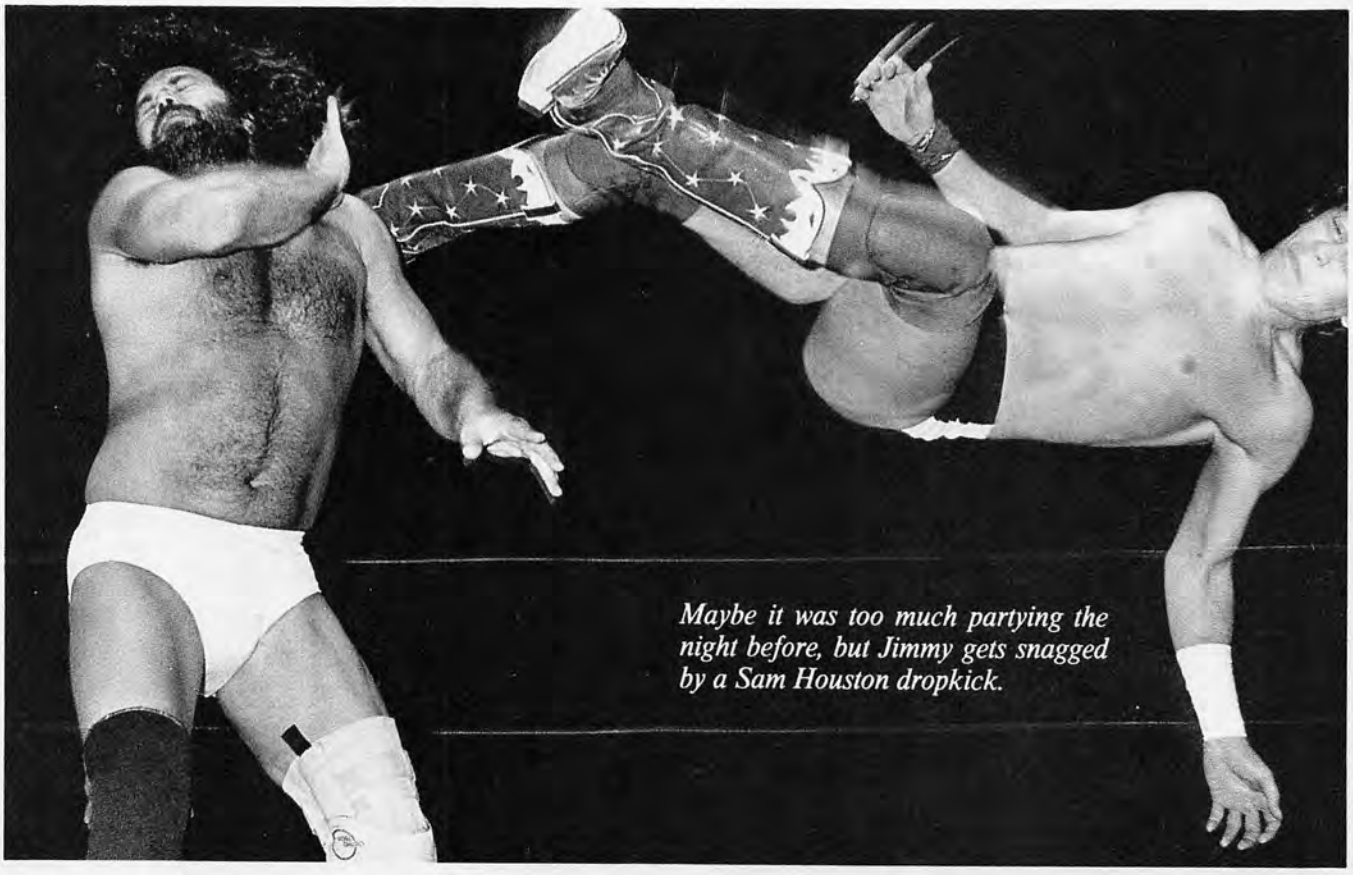


Maybe it was too much partying the night before, but Jimmy gets snagged by a Sam Houston dropkick.

GORGEOUS JIMMY PARTIES WHILE WAHOO BURNS

Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin thinks Wahoo McDaniel is an old man unworthy of his time, and that brother Ronnie is a young man unworthy of his patience. The rock 'n' roll lifestyle can fool even professionals.

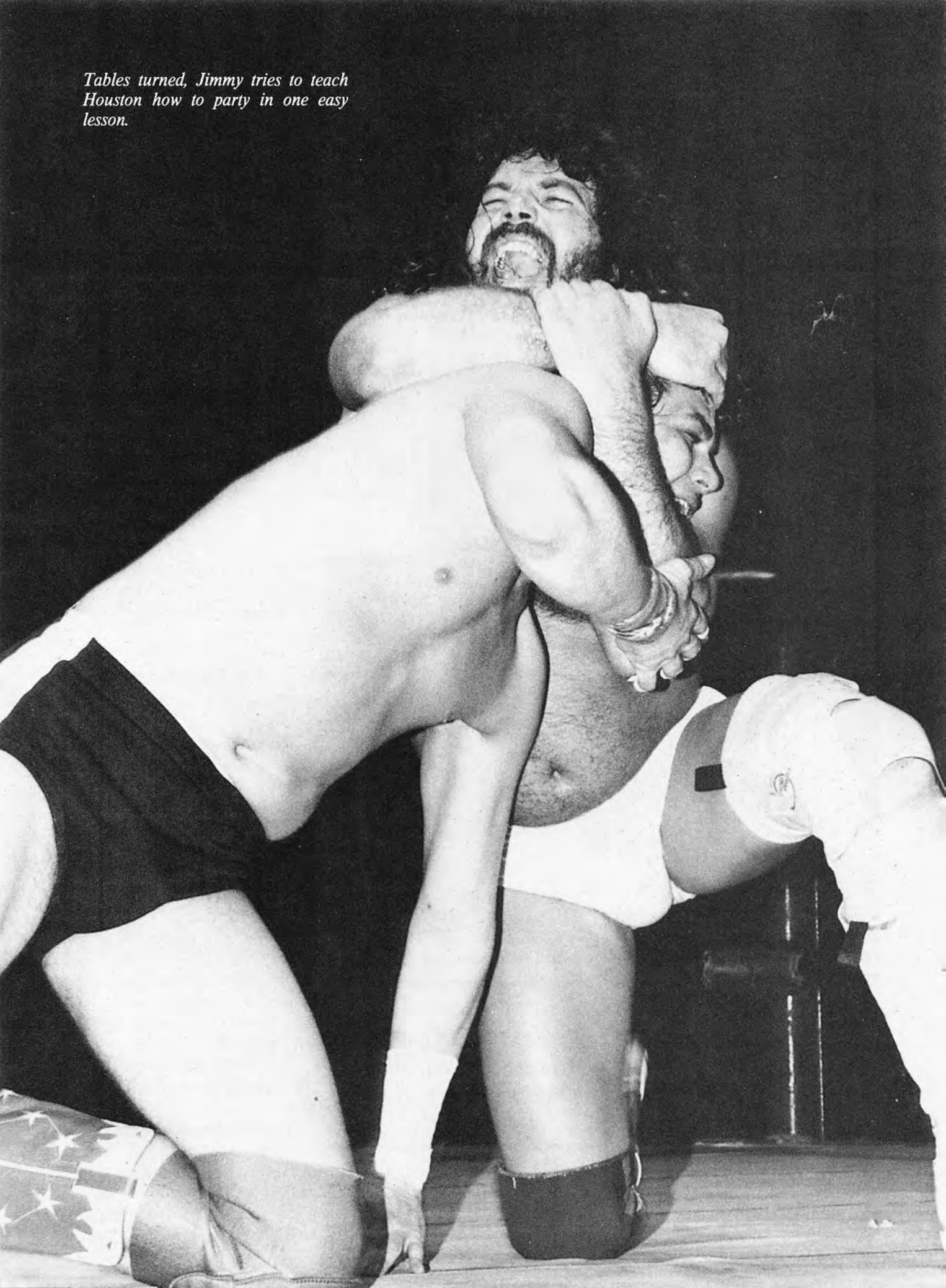
By JIM SCHUERMANN

At one end of town, Wahoo McDaniel was decked out in his bathrobe and favorite slippers. The slippers were hand-crafted by his artisan uncle; they were loose moccasins made of the kind of leather that breathes through its pores, like a second skin. Wahoo's reading glasses were perched at the tip of his nose, and he was poring over scouting reports on Jim Garvin.

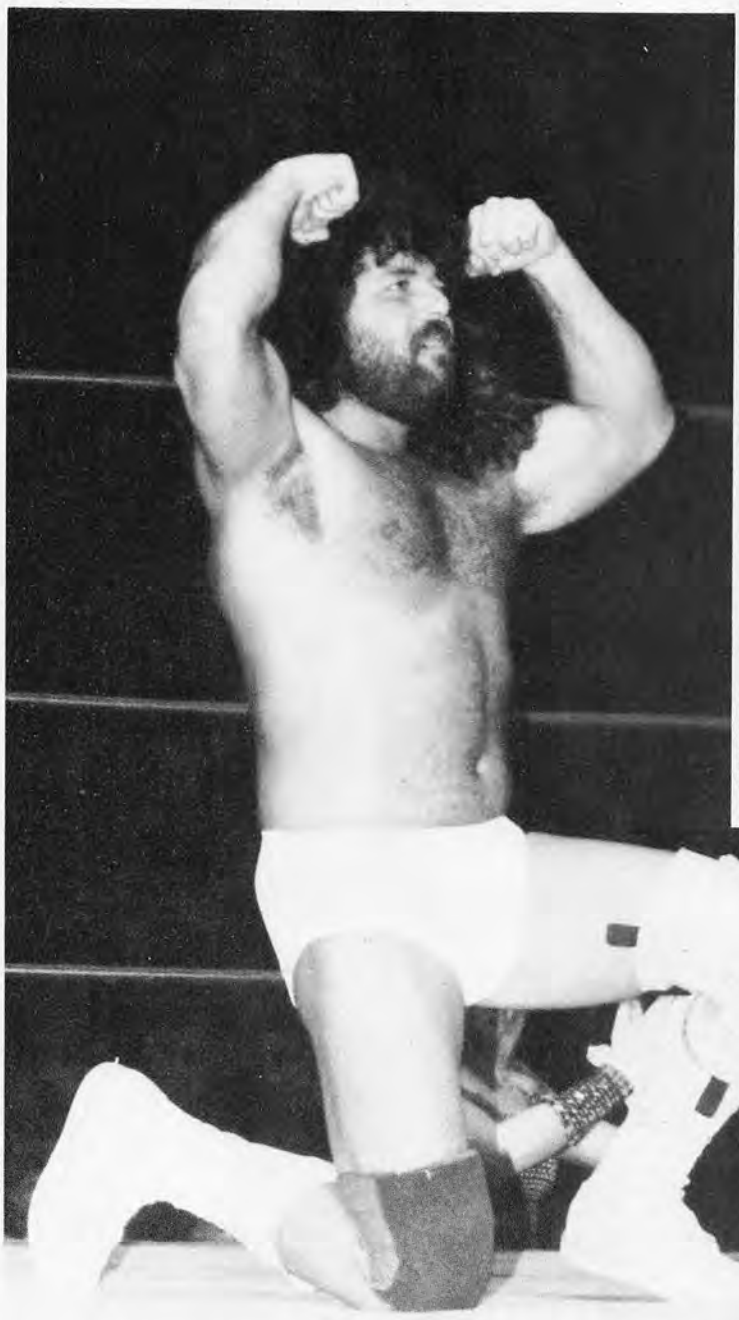
In the motel room next door, an exhausted Ronnie Garvin was sleeping. He dreamed about skippering a yacht that kept getting landlocked. Eventually he couldn't move the pleasure cruiser at all, and the two strange men he was playing checkers with pulled knives on him. The nightmare opened his eyes, and he rolled over with a grunt. The clock was face down; he needed sleep, and he didn't want to worry about the amount he was losing.

At another end of town, Ronnie's brother partied with members of a touring English rock band and their entourage. The entourage numbered

Photos by Robert Riddick and Cathy Dixson



Tables turned, Jimmy tries to teach Houston how to party in one easy lesson.



The Gorgeous One flexes for his few fans (left) after letting his Precious peel off his spangled trousers (above).

in the hundreds, and that didn't include the local radio people, rack jobbers, miscellaneous hangers-on, and pretty maiden bimbos sporting spikes and leather.

Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin was strutting past the canapes when he heard his valet Precious scream. He quickly wheeled around and pushed his way through the crowd around the crystal punch bowl.

"OOOOOOOO!!! YEEEEECCCCHHHHHH!!!!! JIMMY, LOOKIT THIS DISGUSTING—"

Precious shoved the paper cup in Garvin's hand. He looked inside, and reached in to remove a foreign object. It looked like a dead moth.

"HEY, WHAT KIND OF CHEAP JOINT IS THIS, ANYWAY?" Garvin screamed at the entire room. Half a hush fell over the gathering, but others paid no heed to Garvin's outrage. That big guy with bushy hippie hair and the spangled jacket had been hollering his head off all night. More than one person had mistaken him for the band's manager.

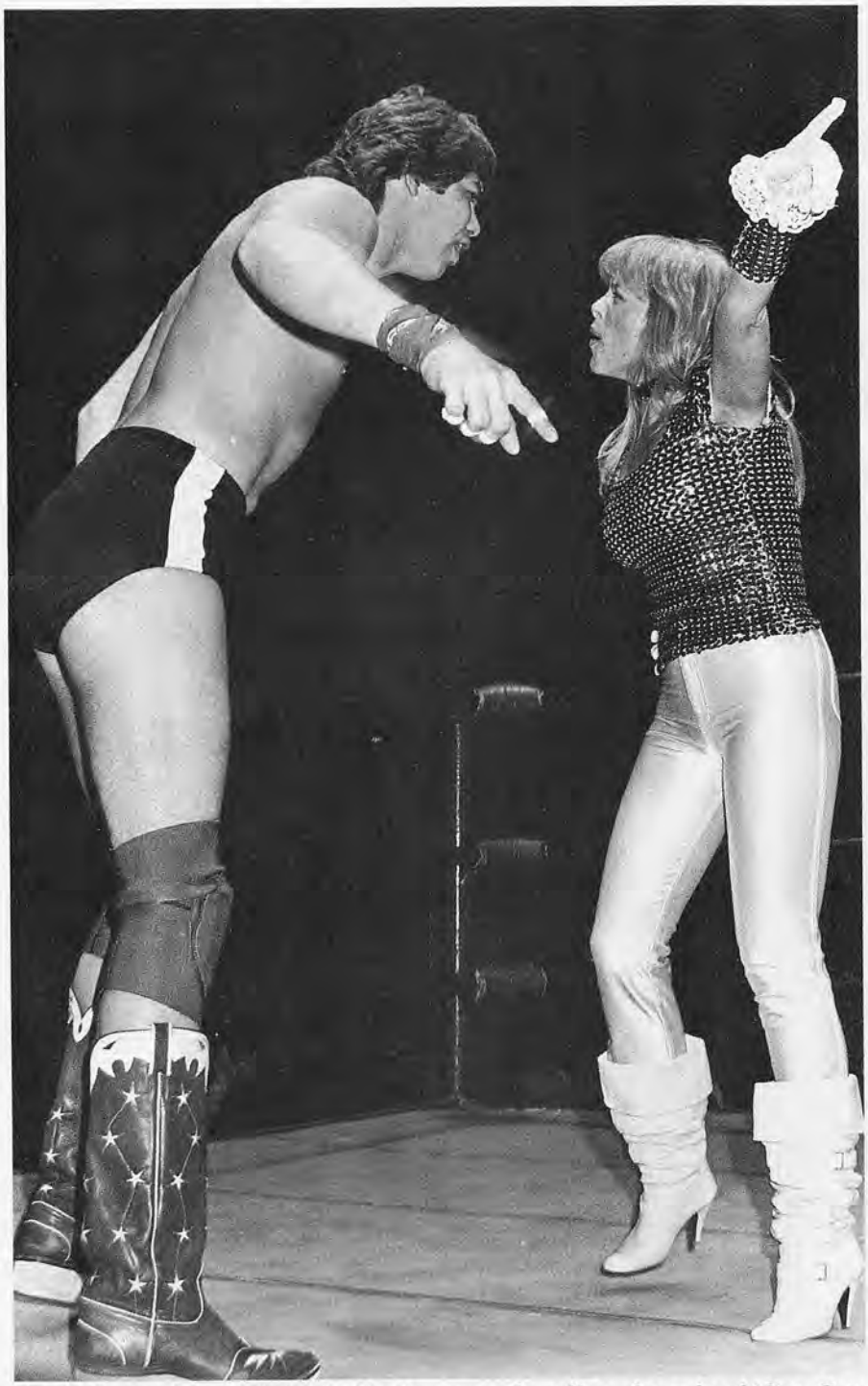
Garvin's eyes were glittering. "My energy is unlimited, like gravity . . . it's always there."

"Here, honey, lemme wash that bad taste out of your mouth," Garvin told Precious. He leaned over, and one of wrestling's most notorious couples kissed. The two red-blooded mammals went on playing post office for quite a while, until a roadie with a purple Mohawk nudged them over to get to the punch bowl.

"Come on, lollipop, I'll buy you some of the real stuff," Garvin cooed, leading her beneath his broad shoulder to the bar across the room. Garvin, who doesn't drink, bought his baby a tall Manhattan.

The band's drummer approached the couple and tapped Garvin on the arm.

Gorgeous Jimmy swiveled around and with his fists clenched. "Say, pal, the last mother who messed with me and my lady wound up-oh, uh, Bummie, heh heh, HEY MAN HOW YA DOIN'?" Garvin was still steamed



Perched atop her high heels, Precious mouths off to the rule abiding Sam Houston.

about the dead moth.

"I'm-I'm a big fan of yours, Jimmy," Bummie said nervously, putting out his hand. "I recognized you two."

Garvin pumped his mitt vigorously and clapped him on the back. "Hell, I been a big fan of yours ever since I heard 'Big Bad Saturday' came out," Garvin roared.

"Tell you the truth, chum, I didn't play on that tune. We used a Syndrum on that—"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. . ." Garvin wasn't listening. He commenced crooning in a cracked voice. "BIG BAD SATURDAY DON'T COME AROUND/ WHEN THE BIG BAD RADIOS DON'T MAKE A SOUND—"

"Uh, Jimmy, I just wanted to ask you something." Bummie rubbed the nape of his neck and gazed wistfully at precious.

"Go ahead. Shoot."

"You've got a match tomorrow afternoon, that benefit card. And we've been reelin' and rockin' all night, you know, and I'm just wondering if-you know where the clock is, or why. . . ."

"Tut, tut, my boy," Garvin scoffed. "Don't give it a second thought. You see, when you're most beautiful gifted talented and perfectionistic powerhouse in pro wrestling, pal, you can party till you poop and never miss a wink of shuteye!!!! Ain't that right, Precious, darlin'?"

Precious ran the edge of her long vermillion fingernail along Garvin's right lapel. "You're always right, Gorgeous."

Bummie didn't say anything, but he remembered a Texas tour his band had done a few years back. He caught a glimpse of Garvin at the post-concert party in Dallas, too. The next day, he knew, Garvin had wrestled sloppily, langourously against David Von Erich. In the process, he lost a major title, though Bummie forgot which. Being on tour made it exceedingly difficult for him to keep tabs on his favorite sport.

Bummie yawned. He was tired himself, but Garvin's eyes were typically glittering like sunlit marbles.

"My energy is unlimited, like gravity," Garvin continued. "It's always there."

Bummie tried to conceal his feelings—he knew what life in the proverbial fast lane does to any strong man. "Goodnight and good luck, mate," he said, bidding them adieu.

Garvin's nostrils flared like a mandrill's. He gritted his teeth in fury and slammed down his Perrier.

What did I say Bummie thought.

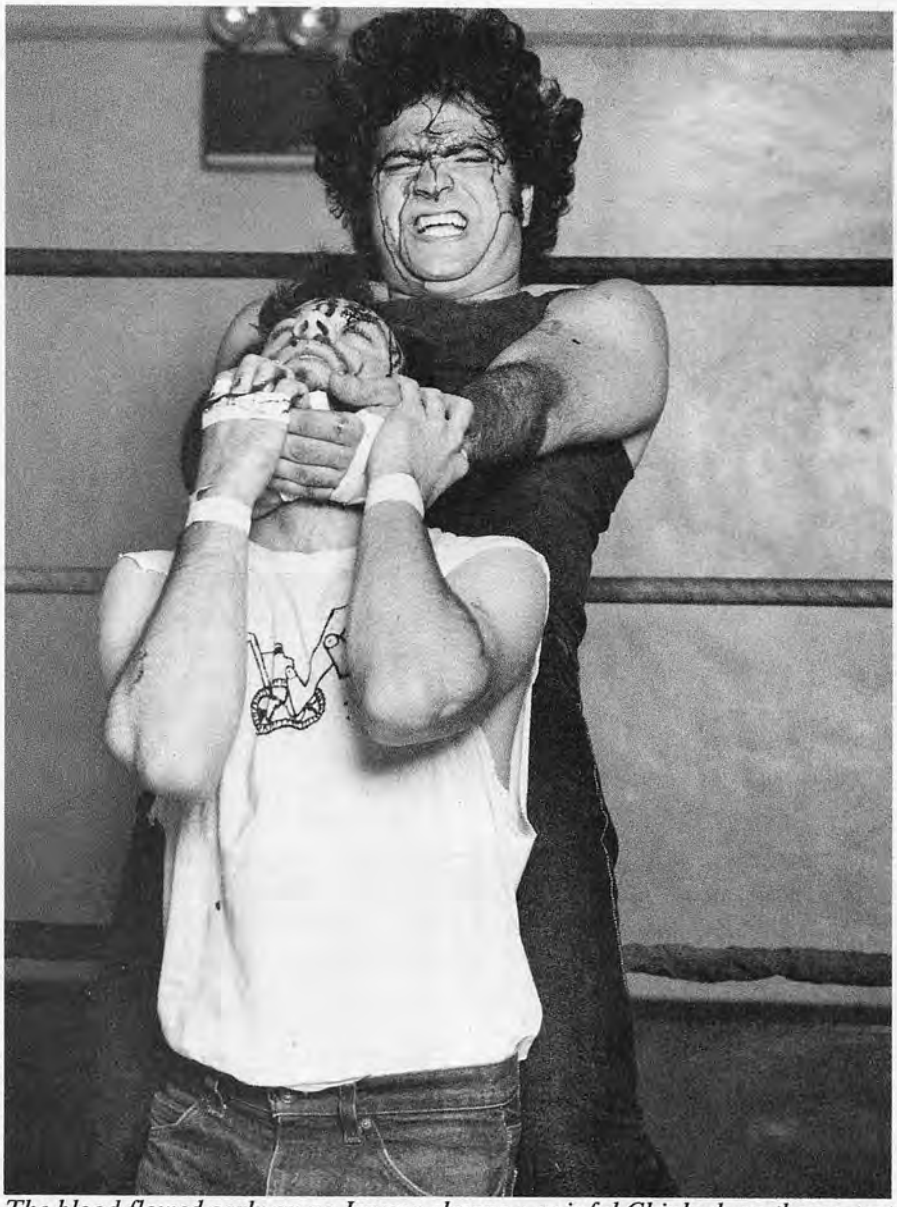
He was gone like a bullet in the precious seconds that Precious held him back. It wasn't until Bummie was safely inside his limo in the parking lot that he remembered the last thing Garvin said. "YOU GOTTA HELLUVA LOTTA NERVE TALKIN' THAT WAY TO MY MAIN SQUEEZE!!!!!"

Bummie realized that Garvin must have thought he had been calling Precious "mate." He sighed and switched on the color TV in the limo. Wrestling was on. ■

Bloody Office Battle

WME EDITORS FIGHT TO A FINISH!!!

Mike Edison accused Jeremy Tepper of being a "hack artist and Hulkamaniac." Jeremy called Mike "a self righteous rulebreaking scum." The only way to settle it was in the ring.



Photos by Nick Toscanis

The blood flowed early on as Jeremy clamps a painful Chinlock on the upstart Edison.

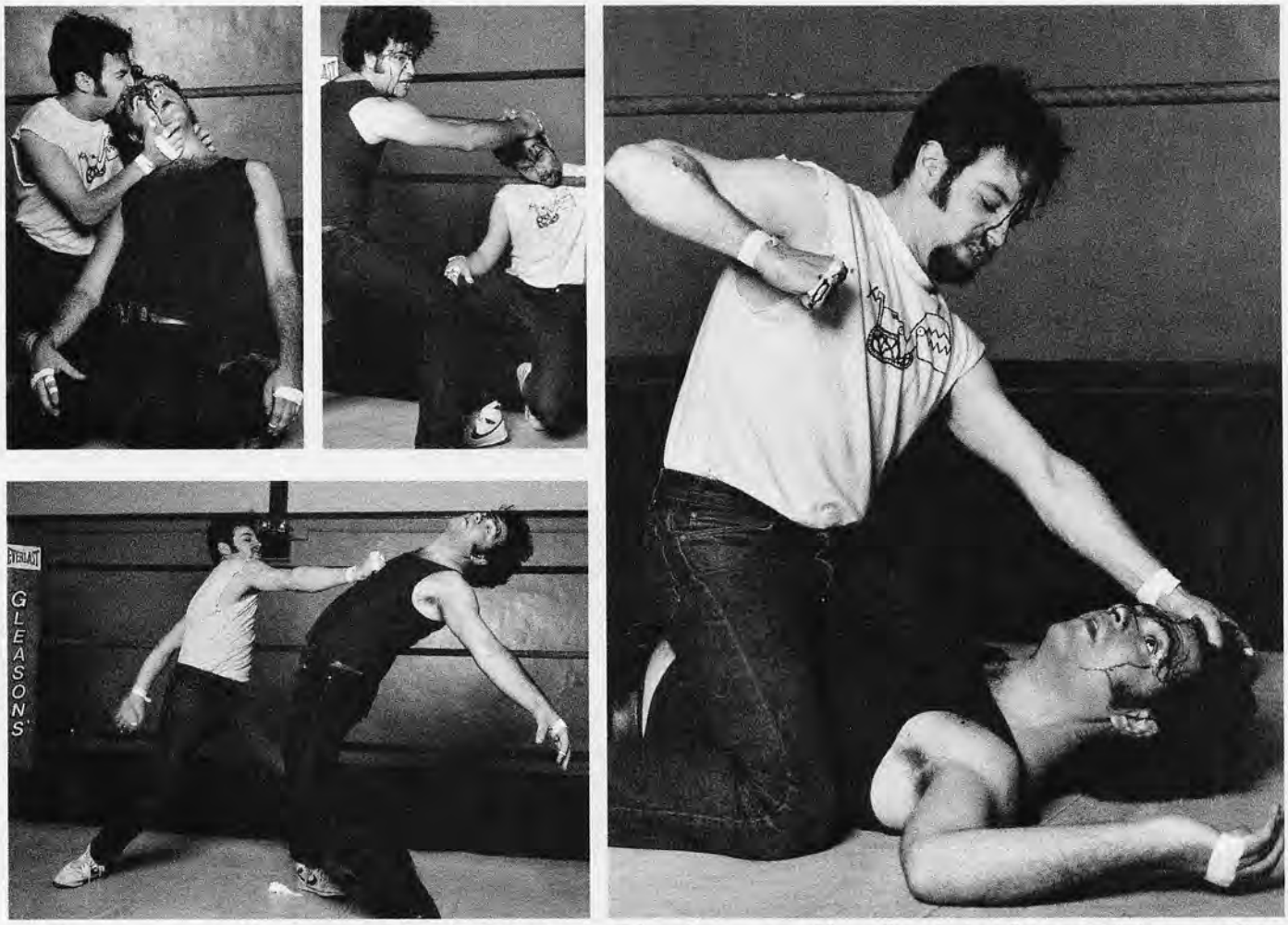
By ART BURNS

They were a stunning combination, but all great tag teams must come to an end. Unfortunately, this great team, the editors of WRESTLING'S MAIN EVENT, one Jeremy Tepper and one Mike Edison, came to an end of the most violent sort.

Mike says it was for the best, but what the hell do you expect him to say. He challenged Jeremy, the former Editor-in-Chief, to a Loser Leaves Town match (WME Sept. 86) and he won. The magazine is now in the hands of a rulebreaker.

Those of you who've been paying close attention to the last few issues of WME know that a feud between Mr. Edison and Mr. Tepper was brewing like a can of beer left on the dashboard in July, broiling and boiling on the brink of exploding. Mike didn't like the way Jeremy edited his work, particularly his column "The Heart Punch." Jeremy was tired of Mike's vulgar verbal abuse wafting through the air on a cloud of stale bourbon breath. The Empire State Building wasn't big enough for the both of them.

Staying clear of each other in the WME office, the two agreed to meet after midnight in the prestigious Gleason's Gym in Mid-town Manhattan. The terms were simple: one fall to a



Both men resorted to vicious rulebreaking but it was Edison's signature Heart Punch that flattened his former editor. After the pinfall Edison pounded his fist into Tepper's face "just as a reminder."

finish, no-holds barred, loser leaves town for sixty days.

Despite a height and weight disadvantage of about sixty pounds and six inches, Mike knew what he wanted and he was ready to fight for it. He would not be intimidated and now it's his calling card that reads "Editor-in-Chief." Jeremy spent his last paycheck on a plane ticket.

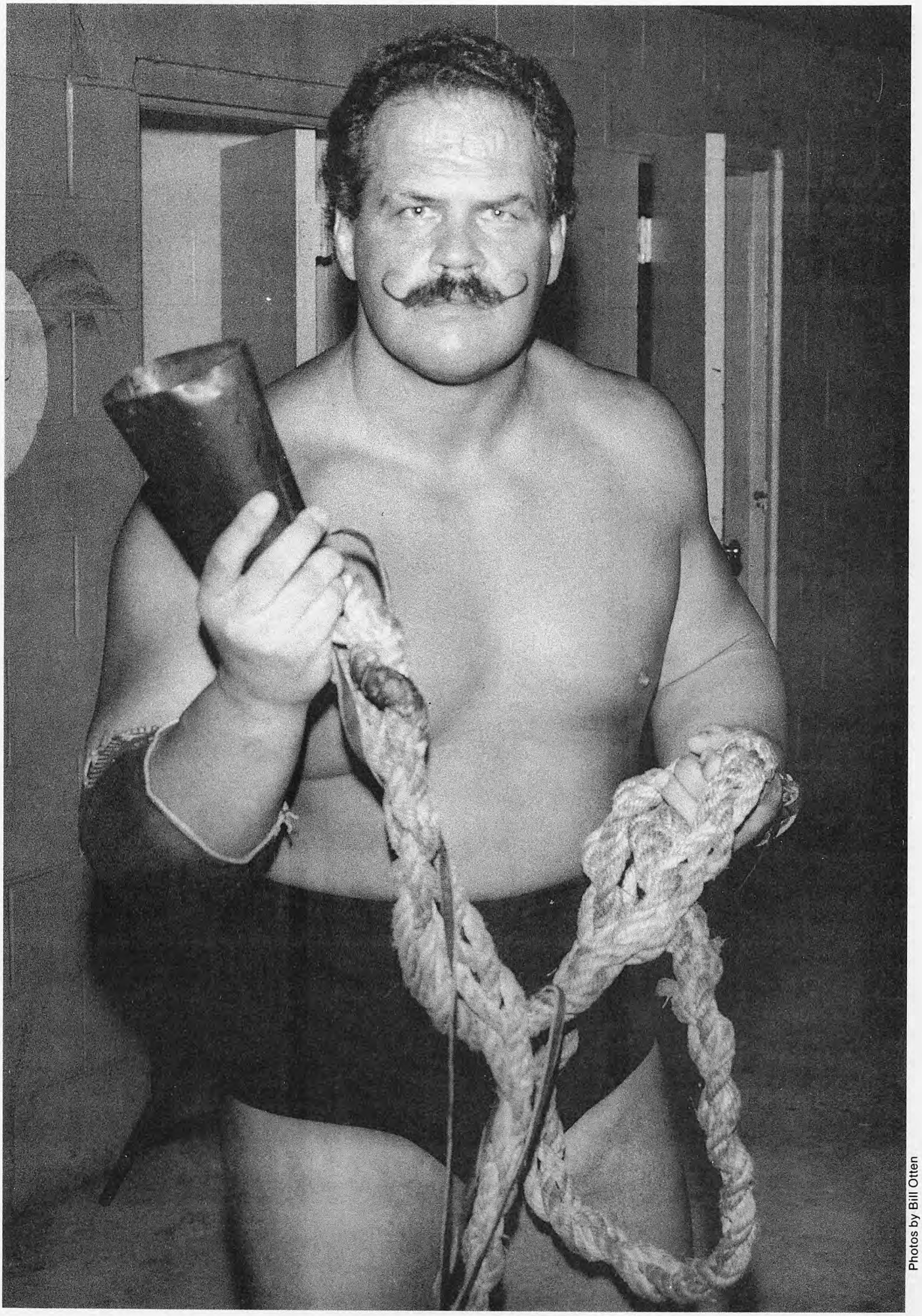
The match began as soon as they entered the ring, the only referee being ace photographer Nick Toscanis. both Jeremy and Mike are honest men: one fall to a finish and there would be no arguments. Mike got his licks in first, turning a side headlock into a vicious neckbreaker. He followed up more simply by biting Jeremy's forehead until the blood began to flow.

Jeremy gained the advantage soon after by methodically pounding his fist into Mike's face until he too, began to bleed from the head. Any reluctance to beat the tar out of his former friend and Associate Editor left Jeremy with a pint of blood and he choked Mike mercilessly with ropes. Once again, however, Mike "Prometheus" Edison took the advantage with an eye-gouge/face rake combo that left his fingernails full of Jeremy's flesh. Tepper was dazed. He was going down.

You have to understand; these men are not Professional Wrestlers and they don't pretend to be. They had a grudge and they settled it in the ring, man to man, but they're not professional athletes and the spoils of the ring took their toll very quickly. Jeremy's bleeding head-wound had sapped him of strength. The only thing that kept Mike going was his passion for excellence in Wrestling Journalism, and indeed, it was his trademark "Heart Punch" that put Tepper down for the count. Edison followed up with a series of closed fist punches, sitting on Jeremy's belly, writing the last chapter of an unprecedented editorial feud.

There was no quarter given and none asked for. Mike posed for a final victory shot and left the gym to get himself a victory beer. Jeremy got up slowly and vowed to return, vowed to come back and take on the new rulebreaking editor, for the sake of WME and for the sake of pro-Wrestling.

Well, things could be a lot worse. Mike is a helluva good writer and he's been covering the wrestling beat for a long time. He may have a tendency to side with the rulebreakers, but he's and honest journalist willing to tell it like it is. He's my new boss. I wish him luck and I know the readers of WME do the same. Mike has dedicated himself to making the "Number One magazine for Mat Fans Today" even better, and with his new Associated Editor, Jim Schuermann, I think he's going to do it. Prometheus, here's to you. ■



Photos by Bill Otten

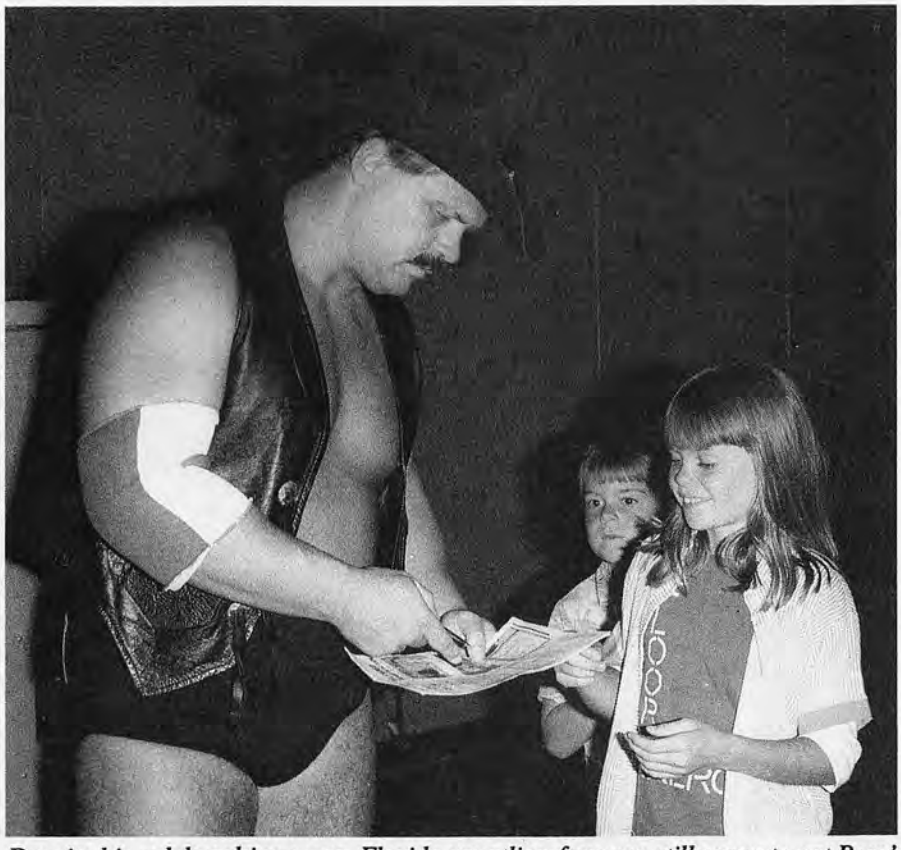
Just One of Those Things

COWBOY RON BASS: STILL FISHING FOR THE WINDHAMS

Cowboy Ron Bass is back in Florida and back on the trail of the Windhams. Will this feud ever end?

By TED PIPE

If Ron Bass had his way, Barry Windham would be back in the saddle again. The last time Ron had Barry pinned was back in '82 and it was no doubt the highlight of the big cowboy's career: after a falling out with his good friends the Mulligan/Windham family, Ron actually put a saddle on Barry's back and rode him around the ring. It was humiliation, *plus.* Since then Ron has been a fan favorite, a rulebreaker, a fan favorite, and a rulebreaker again. Seems like he's flip flopped his way right back into the Sunshine State, right back into a feud with the Windhams. At least Black Jack's not in town—he's busy breaking the rules over in the World Class area. And so it goes.

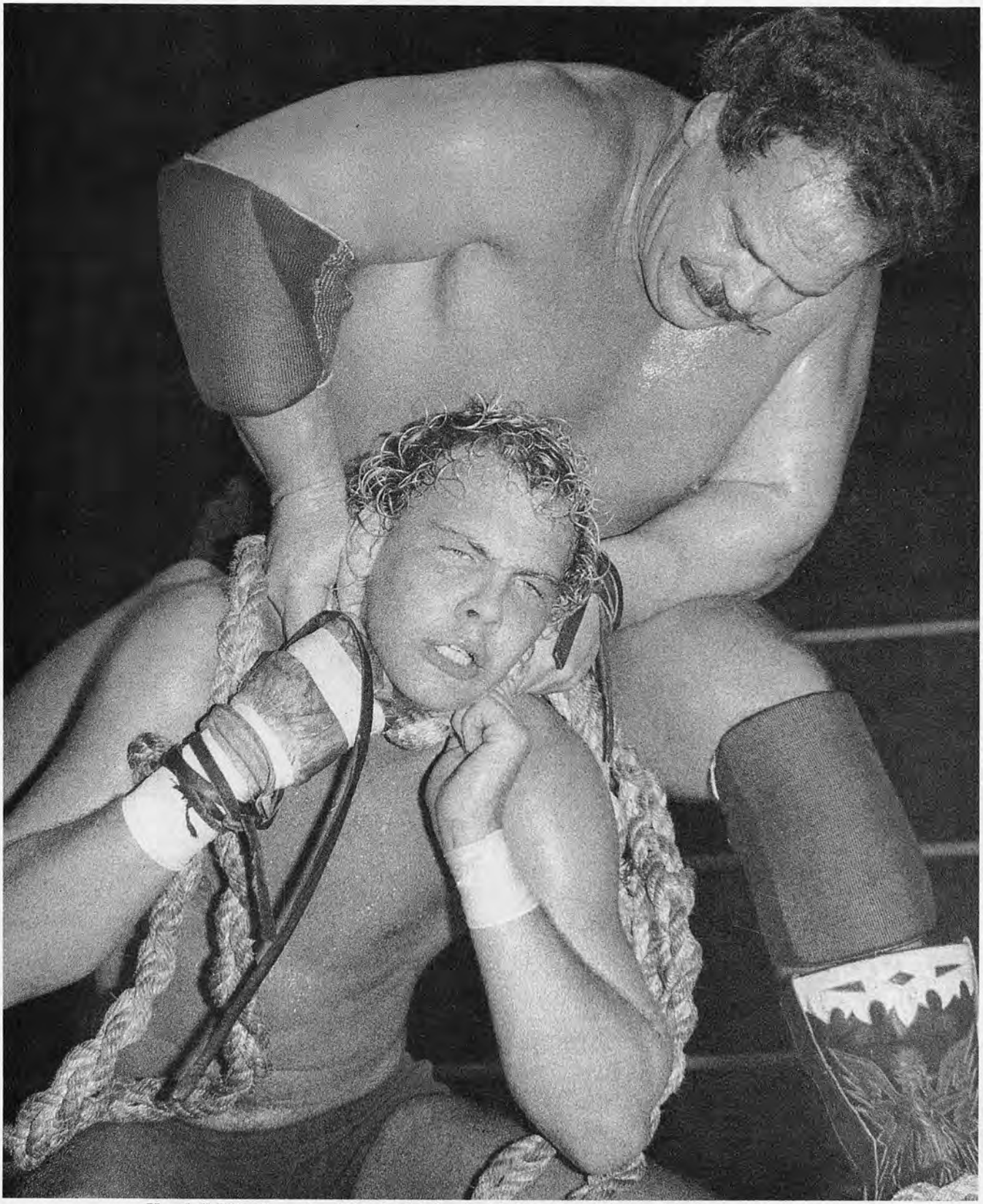


Despite his rulebreaking ways, Florida wrestling fans are still eager to get Bass' autograph.

Fans of the Mid-Atlantic—now called World Championship and the heart of the NWA—will remember Ron's last vestige at getting in with the fans. He was teaming up with the notorious Black Bart under the guidance of the current Chief Executive of Tully Blanchard Enterprises, namely J.J. Dillon, when Buddy Landell came along and initiated the beginnings of a jealous and eventually bloody riff. "Why in tarnation aren't I gettin' the title matches?" Bass wanted to know and for good reason. Landell, a rookie with a slick gimmick ("I'm the original Nature Boy". . . sure, sure) was signing to wrestle with Flair and Dillon's long

time friend and veteran Bass was out in the cold. Next thing you know, the Long Riders (as the two black-hatted outlaws called themselves) were at odds with each other and J.J. and Buddy were right in the middle of it. Before too long, the Mid-Atlantic Title (which Ron has always considered *his* title) goes the way of all good things and Ron is stuck wandering around the NWA, a fan favorite all dressed up and not a rodeo in town. Heck.

"What the hell," Ron told me, "That whole thing with Landell and Dillon left me feelin' more empty than a keg after one uh my bar-b-cues. I ended up with nothin'. Black Bart . . . ah, he's a mean guy in the ring but he needs someone like Dillon to point him in the right direction. We had one heckuva team, too . . . Mid-Atlantic



Kendall Windham has inherited a feud with Ron Bass along with his popular name.

Tag Champeens . . . man, we hurt a lot uh good people. But after the whole fallin' out with me an' J.J. he just didn't wanna think about no cowboys. I guess it was a good thing fer him to pick up Tully. Hell—there ain't no hard feelin's or nothin'. Everybody's gotta make their own decisions."

Truer words have never been spoken. Everybody felt empty after that whole scenario took place. For a long time, Ron, Dillon, Black Bart and Landell went nowhere and the Mid-Atlantic was deprived of one of the top teams in wrestling. But blood is thicker than beer and the blood was still running bad down in Florida. If you end up on the wrong side of the fance, the Windham's will leave a taste that won't go away no matter how much chile you eat. Ron Bass made a decision. He headed South.

"It's just one of those things . . me an' Barry an' Kendall, well he weren't no bigger than a flea back then, but we was family. . . . They jus' didn't take to me bein' a rulebreaker. Heck. They don't gotta like it . . . it's better fer me—look, it may be an' old feud but jus' look at the people waitin' in line to see us go at it. The Florida scene is just as hot as it ever was."

So Ron and the Windham's, sans Black Jack, are going at it again. Really, it is just one of those things. Valiant knows: when in doubt, get into a feud with Paul Jones. *(It would seem then that Jimmy's always in doubt—ed.)* It's just one of those things.

But Ron Bass isn't the kind of wrestler who would just cruise on the wake of old feuds. He's much more serious than that, very intent, always, on proving his wrestling superiority wherever he goes. And he's a damn fine wrestler, too. Sure, the Claw isn't as exciting as a half a dozen other things you could name, but there's a lot more to Ron Bass than just a claw hold. He knows the Suplexes and Neckbreakers and, well, he's a man who went hold for hold with Bob Backlund on dozens of occasions. He's a former Brass Knucks Champ and he's got a Major Piledriver ta boot.

"I feel sort of weird everytime I Piledrive Kendall," Ron confessed, "He's a lot smaller than me, ya know. An' all these fans, they boo an' holler an' cuss when I'm in the ring but after the matches they're always waiting for me ta sign their sutffed puppies or somethin' an' they're always askin', beggin' me to make up with the Windhams. Heck . . I don't know."

Ron seems happier as a rulebreaker but you can never tell. It doesn't seem like he'd be much happier being friends with the Windhams. As Ron said, "Everyone has to make their own decisions," and apparently Ron is doing the best he can. Unfortunately, he seems to be in a quandry, and that's a lousy place to be when you're as talented as Ron Bass. Perhaps he needs a manager, or perhaps the Windham thing is getting stale. If it is, though, it doesn't reflect in the ring. Their matches have been as exciting as ever.

"I jus' don't know," he resigns with a twisted smile, "it's jus' one of those things." ■

The underweight Kendall doesn't seem to be much of a match for big bad brawler Ron Bass.

Despite his brawn, Bass can crunch an opponent with a graceful elbow smash that seems to linger in the air.

MATCH OF THE MONTH

Scope Arena, Norfolk, Va.

Rick Morton Wakes Up: Ric Flair is a Rock'n'Roll Nightmare

Rick Morton dreamed of winning the NWA World Championship. He was in for a rude awakening.

By ART BURNS

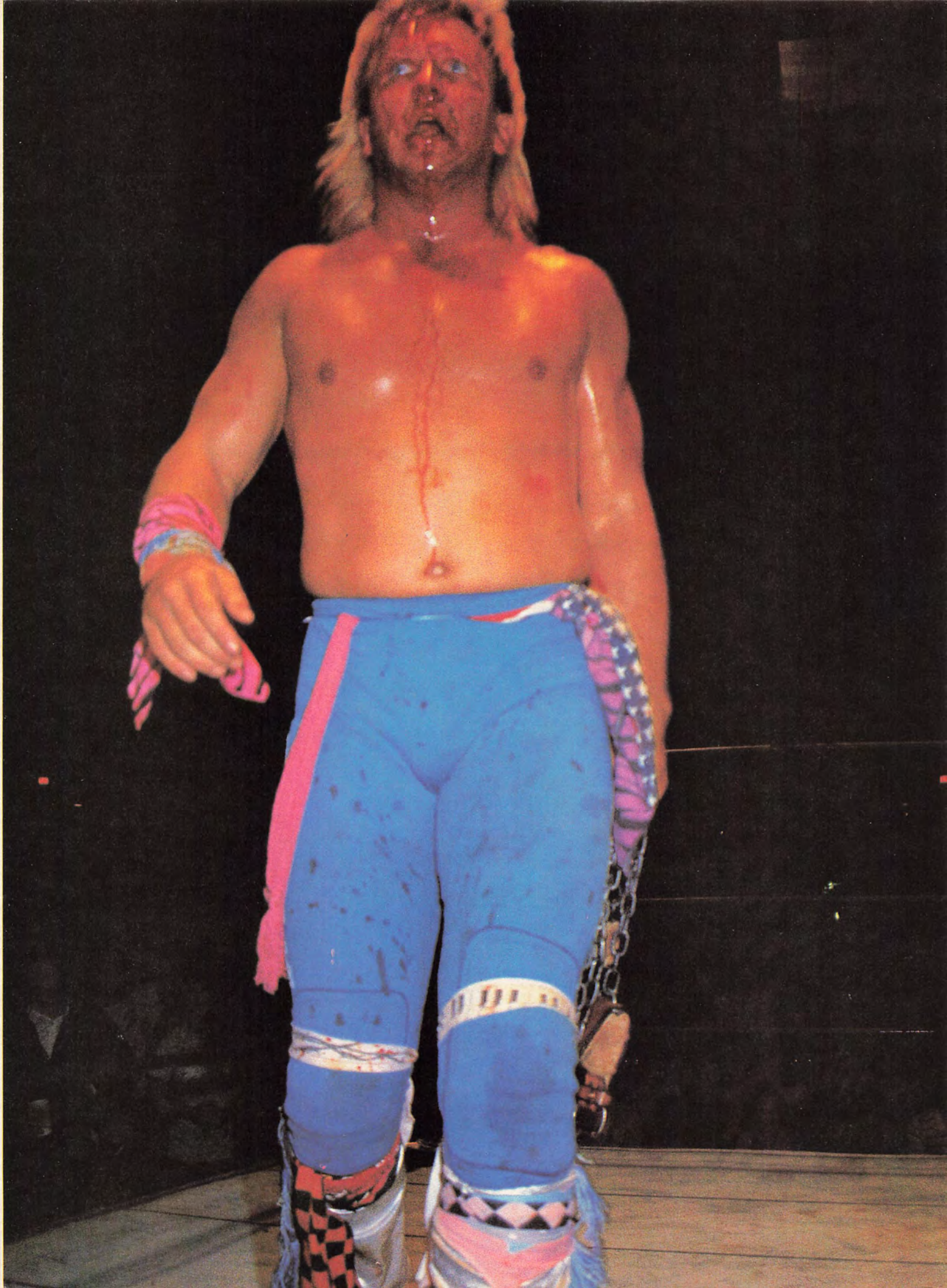
Bob Seger stopped singing and the tape player turned itself off with a resounding click. Rick Morton got up to turn the tape over, taking a moment to adjust one of the brightly colored bandanas that was tied around his leg. He played with the tape machine and Bob Seger started to rock one more time, one more time before Rick was going to make his bid for the NWA World Championship. He left Bob singing to an empty dressing room and headed for the ring.

That was his first mistake. Only a moment later Ric Flair swaggered across the corridor and into Rick's dressing room. In another moment the tape machine was rubble and the thin magnetic tape that held Bob and his band's swinging tunes was stretched acorss the dressing room in an ugly knot. Flair spit and then he laughed. Rick Morton's Rock'n'Roll Nightmare was just beginning.

Back in his dressing room, the one with the star on the door, the Heavyweight Champeen of the Universe was strutting back and forth. The tumultuous applause spilling out from the arena as Morton made his entrance couldn't phase the NWA Champ. His demeanor was one of cool professionalism and there could be no distractions. It would only be after getting caught head on by a drop kick and snagged in a few snappy hip-tosses that

Photos by Cathy Dixson

Rock'n'Roll Rick Morton has the champ in an Abdominal Stretch but he won't be able to hold it for long.



Flair gets ready to break the hold with a quick Suplex.

Flair shows Morton who's the Rock'n'Roll Daddy and who's the Teeny Bopper.

Flair would lose his cool and opt for a haughty demonstration of just why he is the champ and why he's been the champ for over three yers.

Walking down the runway to the ring Ric might as well have been in his Lear Jet. He couldn't possibly be more comfortable, more at home. He had already (albeit with the help of his buddies the Horsemen) done some preliminary deamage to the young Rock'n'Roller's popular face, and just as the overwhelming cheers for Morton hadn't phased him, the jeers and taunts from an adverse crowd couldn't disturb one hair on this platinum head.

The match started at a stalwart pace shortly after Ric kissed his belt and placed it lovingly in the hands of the ring attendant. The two men locked collar and elbow, trading arm locks and wrist locks, testing each other and finding their pace. But time after time Flair came up on top; he would spin

". . . that's part of the Flair strategy, lulling his opponent into a false sense of security . . ."

around with his breathy "WHOOOO!!!" and Morton would find himself in a painful Hammerlock. Indeed, it was Flair's mastery of the ring that led Morton to break the rules first, losing any professional veneer and introducing brawling tactics into the match.

There were times when Morton was clearly on top of the situation, tossing Flair around the ring with arm drags and knocking him flat with his patented drop kicks. But that's part of the Flair strategy, lulling his opponent into a false sense of security, letting him get over with his flashy and fundamental maneuvers and then catching him in a devasting Suplex, a towering, vertical drop that left poor Ricky dazed and confused. And that was that. There was no question who was the champion and who was the challenger. Morton came back, tried to come back, with a flury of closed fist punches and then a feeble Sunset Flip that

Morton is reduced to cheating from the frustration of trying to best the best.

found him tugging on Ric's tights, baring his bottom as well as Morton's inability to best the champion, a man who had been abusing him on TV and in arenas across the nation. But Flair did Morton one better—certainly when it comes to gaining a pinfall with the help of a handful of tights, Flair is the undisputed master—and Rick find his shoulders pinned to the mat, one, two, three. The dream was over. All the rockin' in the world wasn't going to make this Lear Jet crash.

The Champ grabbed his belt and took off for the dressing room. Morton was left alone in the ring, bare waisted, teetering on the brink of vacuumous depression. Flair had beat him without any techniques that Morton hadn't attempted first in a match stemming from Flair's unwarranted abuse in the way of crushing his nose and scarring his face right there in the living rooms of anyone with a TV. The whole affair had been a nightmare from start to finish; one almost wanted to say to Flair "pick on someone your own size."

Morton doggedly tries to wear down The Champ with his Side Headlock.

Morton acknowledged his throngs of fans and dragged his unvictorious feet back to his dressing room. He wasn't ready for the final insult, the Lear Jet salt in the Rock'n'Roll wound. He couldn't help it: he cussed a blue streak when he saw the pile of scrap metal that was once his tape machine and he nearly tripped in the tangle of tape that was stretched across the room. He sat down and he woke up. Ric Flair is a Rock'n'Roll Nightmare. ■

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

The Road Warriors and manager Precious Paul Ellering

WRESTLING'S TOP TWENTY

1. **Ric Flair,** NWA World champion
2. **Stan Hansen,** AWA World champion
3. **Hulk Hogan,** WWF World champion
4. **Terry Gordy,** UWF World champion
5. **Magnum TA,** Claimant to disputed NWA U.S. championship
6. **Tully Blanchard,** NWA National champion
7. **Randy Savage,** WWF Intercontinental champion
8. **Terry Taylor,** UWF TV champion
9. **Rick Rude,** World Class World champion
10. **Nikita Koloff,** claimant to disputed NWA U.S. championship
11. **Adrian Adonis,** WWF contender
12. **Dusty Rhodes,** NWA contender
13. **Lex Lugar,** Southern, Florida TV, and Bahamas champions
14. **Barry Windham,** NWA contender
15. **Kevin Von Erich,** World Class contender
16. **Nick Bockwinkel,** AWA contender
17. **Arn Anderson,** NWA TV champion
18. **Rick Steamboat,** WWF contender
19. **Harley Race,** WWF contender
20. **Exotic Adrian Street,** SE Heavyweight champion

TAG TEAMS

1. **The Road Warriors, Hawk and Animal;** NWA ambassadors of destructon
2. **The British Bulldogs, The Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith;** WWF World champions
3. **The Midnight Express, Dennis Condrey and Bobby Eaton;** NWA World champions
4. **The Fantastics, Bobby Fulton and Tommy Rogers;** UWF World champions
5. **The Kiwi Sheepherders, Butch Miller and Luke Williams;** UWF contenders
6. **The Iron Sheik and Nikolai Volkoff;** WWF contenders
7. **Dory Funk Jr. and "Jimmy Jack Funk";** WWF contenders
8. **The Rock 'n' Roll Express, Ricky Morton and Robert Gibson;** NWA contenders
9. **The Fabulous Ones, Steve Keirn and Stanley Lane;** Florida Global champions
10. **Iceman Parsons and Tiger Conway Jr.;**USA All-Star champions

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

Ric Flair

AWA

1. Stan Hansen
2. Nick Bockwinkel
3. Larry Zbyszko
4. Colonel DeBeers
5. Brad Rheingans
6. The Barbarian
7. Sgt. Slaughter
8. Playboy Buddy Rose
9. Go
10. Boris Zukhov

WWF

1. Hulk Hogan
2. Randy Savage
3. Adrian Adonis
4. Rick Steamboat
5. Harley Race
6. Paul Orndorff
7. Jake Roberts
8. Junkyard Dog
9. Cpl. Kirshner
10. King Kong Bundy

Stan Hansen

WCW

1. Ric Flair
2. Magnum TA
3. Tully Blanchard
4. Nikita Koloff
5. Dusty Rhodes
6. Arn Anderson
7. Ronnie Garvin
8. Ricky Morton
9. Jimmy Garvin
10. Shaska

Hulk Hogan

MANAGERS

1. Jim Cornette
2. Jimmy Hart
3. Skandor Akbar
4. Paul Jones
5. Sheik Adnan al-Kaissie
6. Bobby Heenan
7. Lou Albano
8. Freddie Blassie
9. Sir Oliver Humperdink
10. Paul Ellering

Lex Lugar

FLORIDA

1. Lex Lugar
2. Barry Windham
3. Ron Bass
4. Kendell Windham
5. Kendo Nagasaki
6. Kareem Muhammed
7. Steve Keirn
8. White Ninja
9. Ed Gantner
10. Stan Lane

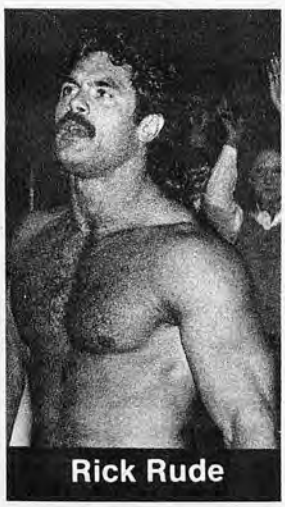
UWF

1. Terry Gordy
2. Terry Taylor
3. Buzz Sawyer
4. Hacksaw Duggan
5. Ted DiBiase
6. The Missing Link
7. Steve Williams
8. Michael Hayes
9. One Man Gang
10. Koko B. Ware

Terry Gordy

WORLD CLASS

1. Rick Rude
2. Kevin Von Erich
3. Brian Adias
4. Lance Von Erich
5. Chris Adams
6. The Great Kabuki
7. Abdullah the Butcher
8. Steve Simpson
9. Matt Borne
10. Blackjack Mulligan


Rick Rude

USA ALL-STAR

1. Al Madril
2. Jonathon Boyd
3. Scott Casey
4. Mike Golden
5. Tanui
6. Billy Joe Travis
7. The Masked Grappler
8. Iceman Parsons
9. Tiger Conway Jr.
10. Big Bubba (not Jim Cornette's bodyguard—Ed. Note)

A REAL ROCK'N'ROLL NIGHTMARE

Not just a bad dream (from left to right): Luna Vachon, Nasty Ronnie, Sir Oliver Humperdink and The Lock. K-E-E-E-E-R-A-A-N-N-G!!!

Photos by Bill Otten

By HANDSOME MICK WILD

You'd expect a friend of Humperdink's to look like this. His name is Nasty Ronnie and his band is Nasty Savage, a rip roaring heavy metal act from Brandon, Fla. that looks like they're going to go all the way. They recently opened up for mega-fast metal rockers Slayer at New York's L'Amours to a T-riffic reception before hitting the road for a nationwide and then European tour. Their biggest fans seem to be Luna Vachon and the Lock, former Kevin Sullivan allies who've split from their former Master to form a tag team of their own. "Their nasty," says Nasty Ronnie. "That's why we get along." Sure, sure . . . but Sullivan, who Nasty has accompanied to the ring on a handful of occasions, is wary since breaking with the Darkness (see pages 8-11). "I can't be dealing with that kind of schism," he says with a smile. Perhaps there's still a bit of nastiness left in his heart?

"There's nastiness in every heart, Jack," Nasty Ronnie barks, fondling a human skull. "I am the metal dream of Beelzebub, daddy, the wand of wang-d a n g - s w e e t - p o o n t a n g. *K-E-E-E-RAAANNNGGGGGG!!!*

Nasty Ronnie may rock and roll all night and party every day, but he pays close heed to his studies of phrenology and demonology. "This is a terrible atmosphere we live in today," the long-time grappling fan insists, wildly shaking his long dirty blonde locks like a sweaty electric ape.

Nasty Savage Caressed the skull and kissed it, dabbing the bleached bone lightly with his tongue. "Wrestling kicks out the jams, man," he purred, licking his greasy choppers. ■

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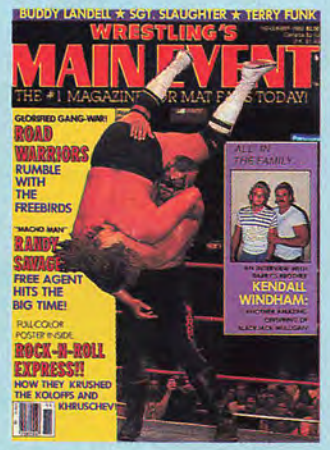

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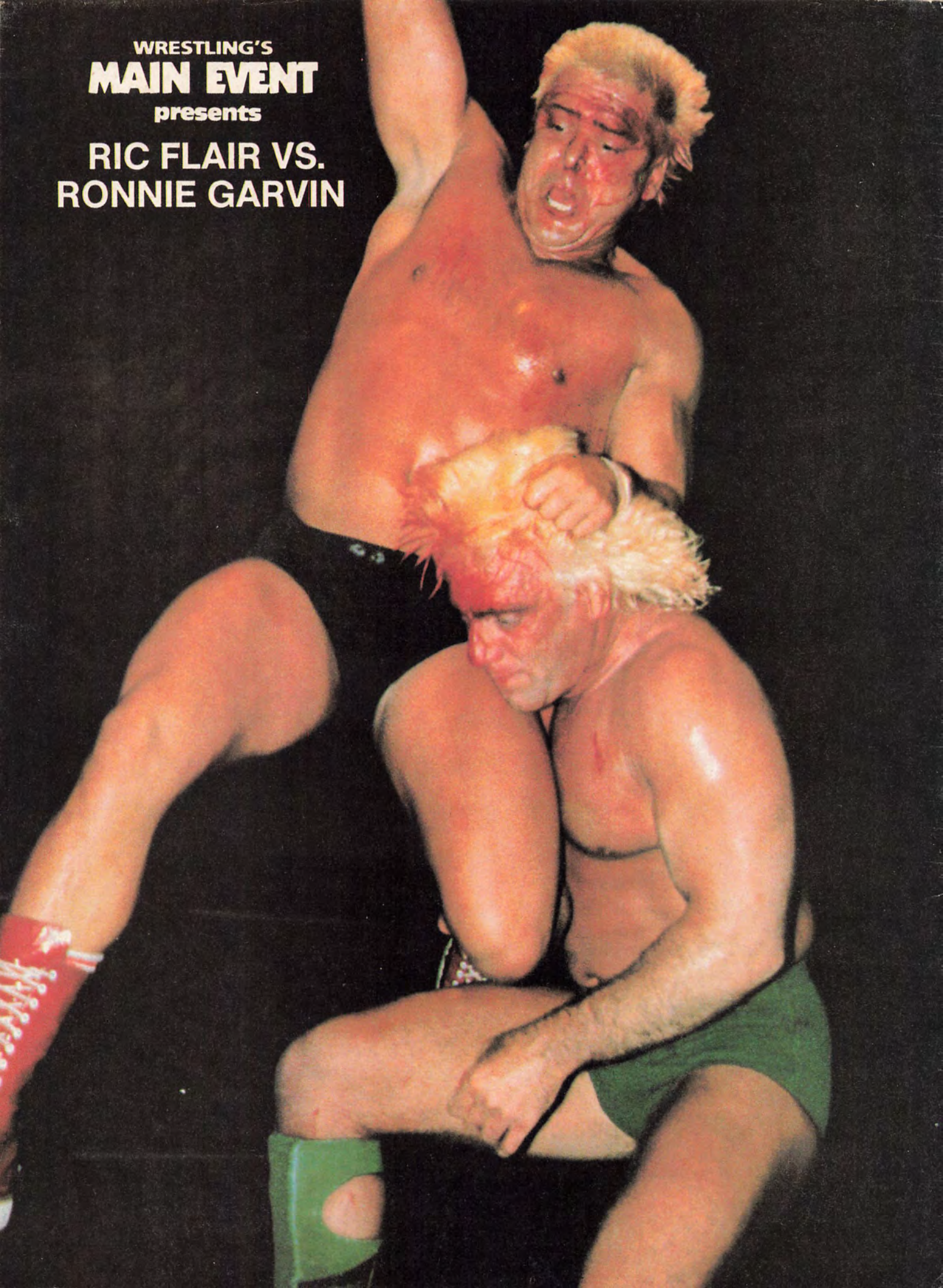
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